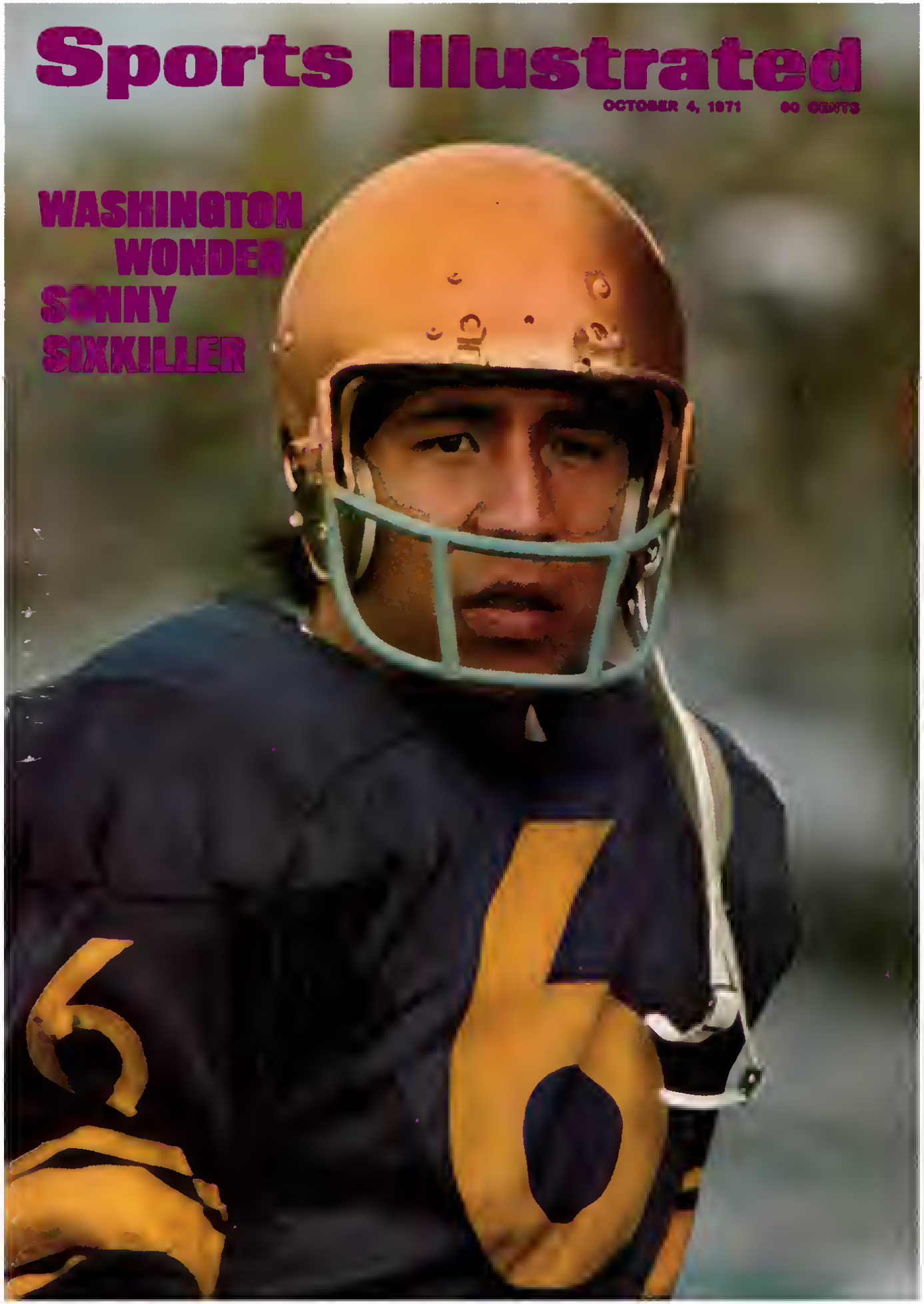
Sports Illustrated
OCTOBER 4, 1971 60 CENTS

WASHINGTON WONDER SONNY SIXKILLER




CONTINENTAL
LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION
Ford

1972. A new Lincoln Continental.

What it does for your ego is important.
How you feel after a full day of driving is more important.

Comfort, in a Lincoln Continental, begins with spaciousness. Rear seat passengers enjoy the same seating and legroom comfort the driver does.

Comfort assured by Automatic Temperature Control as standard equipment. It reduces pollen and dust, and helps remove humidity from the air. And it holds interior climate within the comfort range you want.

Michelin steel-belted radial ply tires are standard equipment. Safe, sure-footed, these tires go a long way toward absorbing road vibration, a major cause of rider discomfort and fatigue on long trips.

Lincoln Continental has one of the widest tracks in the world. The flatness and stability this gives the ride cannot easily be matched.

The suspension system combines coil springs, double-acting shock absorbers, rubber insulators, and stabilizer bar in meticulous balance. Tiresome sway and swerve are virtually gone from the ride.

Noise is tiring. But in the new Lincoln Continental, window glass is seated by a precise new method that substantially reduces outside noise.

Steel bars inside the doors and a rigid frame-plus-body construction sheathe you in silent, solid comfort.

Driving your Lincoln Continental is a relaxing experience. Power steering, power front disc brakes, and automatic transmission are all standard.

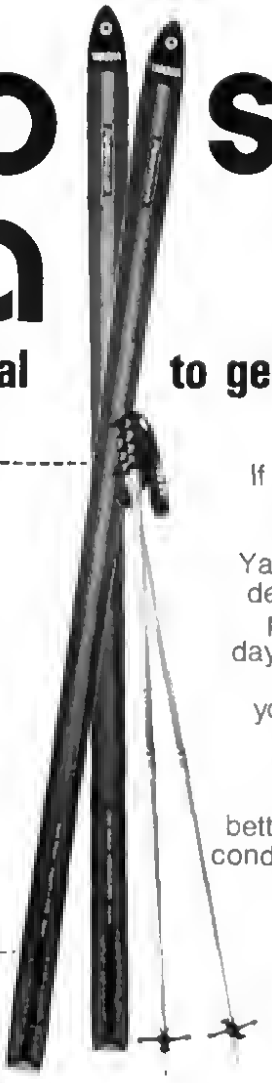
The 1972 Continentals. The finest cars built in America.

Continental. The final step up.

Vinyl roof, wheelcovers, and color shown are optional.

Learn to ski on Yamaha free!

One-day free ski & pole rental to get you started right!



Free! Free! Free!

One day's free rental of Yamaha Skis & Poles

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Offer good at participating Dealers only from November 15, 1971 through January 31, 1972

If you've always wondered what skiing is all about, here's your chance to find out — on us. Yamaha through all participating dealers will provide the skis and poles free of charge . . . for one day's free ski rental. You provide the boots and enthusiasm. If you're going to become a skier, you might as well get started right . . . with Yamaha's proven performance that gives you a better chance in any kind of snow conditions. Just fill out the coupon at the left and take it to your nearest Yamaha dealer. Then take it easy . . . on Yamaha.

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In your heart you know it's right.



Owning an Accutron® watch can mean never having to spend 10¢ to hear "At the tone the time will be..."

Never having to stare at other people's wrists.

Never having to trust an old fashioned balance wheel because you have a tuning fork movement guaranteed accurate to within a minute a month.*

Of course on the other hand:

Owning an Accutron watch can mean always having to give people the right time.

Always having to put up with people staring at your wrist.

And worst of all when you're late, always having to think up alternative excuses to "My watch was wrong."

Shown: Accutron Spaceview "T". See-through dial, luminous hands and markers. Stainless steel case and band. Protected against common watch hazards. $135 Other styles from $110

*Timekeeping will be adjusted to this tolerance, if necessary, if returned to Accutron dealer from whom purchased within one year from date of purchase
Bulova Watch Company, Inc

Accutron® by Bulova

The steadfast tuning fork watch.

THAT ELEGANT STRAIGHT-8

(It's never been outclassed.)



The Car:
a classic straight-8 Packard. The 1931 Dual Cowl Phaeton with front and rear windshields and detachable trunk.

The Whiskey:
the elegant straight-8 bourbon by Hiram Walker himself. Aged 8 years in the oak and never outclassed.

WALKER'S DELUXE

That elegant straight-8



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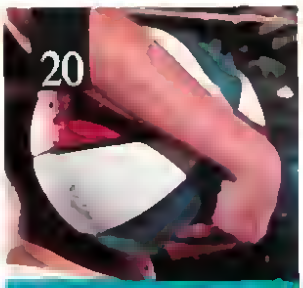
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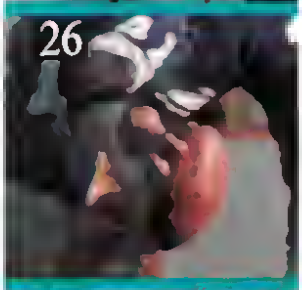
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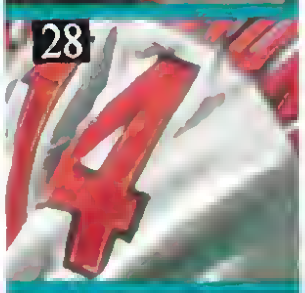
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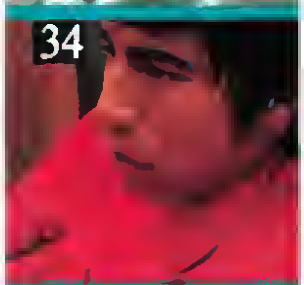
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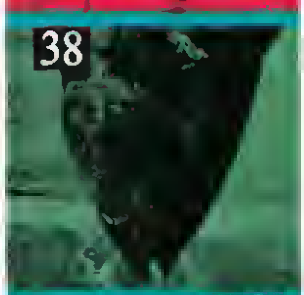


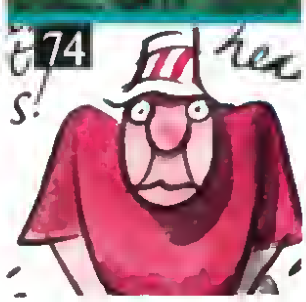












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Next week

BASEBALL'S playoffs begin with a classic confrontation, the smoke of Oakland's Vida Blue against the firing of Baltimore's Frank and Brooks and Boog and Merv—and duck.

AWAKENING to the possibility that one of their sons could be the next Bobby Orr, many fathers in the U.S. are up before sunrise driving and drilling their Pee Wee hockey stars.

THE MAN whose role was peacemaker in a Carolina city on edge with racial tensions was a high school football coach. A profile of people learning to play by the rules.

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Simulated television reception on all sets.

How to pick the right color television from Sears or anyone else

All the new sets with all their new features are in the stores.

But the two most important questions to ask about any color set remain the same.

How good is the color?

How easy is the set to tune?

Nearly every new feature you hear about deals with one or the other. But these features are often described in technical language that few people understand.

Sears will explain what they're all about. So you'll know exactly what you're getting for your money.

Color and two Sears advantages.

Today, many makes of color TV can give you good natural flesh-tone color.

But some provide it at the expense of background colors. Skies may look green and grass may look blue. Not every time, but enough to annoy you.

Sears solved this problem.

Sears uses Automatic Tint Lock on most sets. It gives you people that look like people – together with good background colors. (See comparison on opposite page.)

They'll hold true even when you change channels.

If you're particularly fussy about color, Sears has an extraordinary feature called Chromix. It allows you to add delicate shades of color you can't get from most other sets.

Ordinarily, you can add only two shades: magenta or green. With Chromix you can also add blue or brown; for a complete range of colors.

In addition, Sears sets also have:

KEYED AUTOMATIC GAIN CONTROL – keeps your picture constant under varying conditions. That is, so it doesn't shimmy when a plane flies over.

AUTOMATIC CHROMA CONTROL – keeps colors from fluctuating when programs change, or you change channels.

AUTOMATIC COLOR PURIFIER – keeps colors clear and pure.

Not all brands give you all these features. All Sears sets have them.

Finally you should know that color quality varies from brand to brand. And not everyone agrees as to what is best.

In the final analysis, only you can decide whether you like the color or not.

Hundreds of thousands of people like Sears color the moment they see it. They never go elsewhere.

Compare Sears best features with other brands.

Features	Sears		Brand A		Brand B		Brand C	
	Yes	No	Yes	No	Yes	No	Yes	No
Automatic Tint Lock	✓							
Automatic Fine Tuning	✓							
Bonded Etched Tube	✓							
Bright Picture Tube	✓							
Wide Screen Picture	✓							
Instant Start	✓							
Roll Out Control Panel	✓							
Chromix	✓							
Solid State Components	✓							
Services Sets Nationally	✓							

TAKE THIS CHART WITH YOU WHEN YOU SHOP
VISIT ANY SEARS STORE FOR MORE INFORMATION ABOUT THESE FEATURES

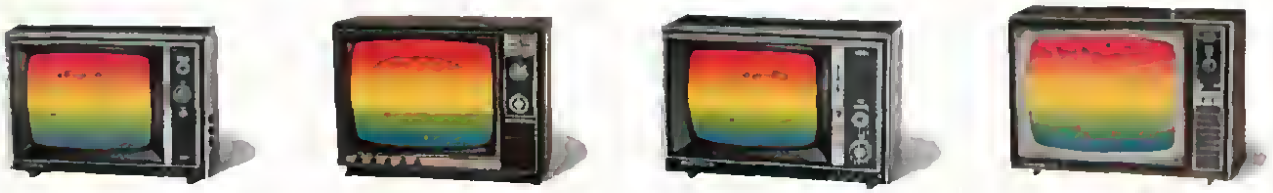
Automatic Fine Tuning and why Sears uses it.

You'll find an AFC – automatic fine tuning control – on most of the better sets.

AFC gives you a clear picture automatically as soon as you turn your set on; or flip channels.

Using manual controls, many people can't fine tune their set as well as the Sears AFC can.

Sears automatic fine tuning control is better



Sears sets range from less than $200 to $1000. These are just 8 sets from a huge selection at all Sears stores and in the catalog.

than many others because it can pull in signals that some others miss.

Sears has AFC not only on most consoles, but on many portables as well.

In addition, on Sears best console, you'll find that all the important controls are in one panel that rolls out and tilts up at waist-high level so you don't have to stoop. When not in use they hide out of sight behind a decorative front. It's a Sears exclusive.

Like color quality, ease of tuning varies from one brand to another. Some sets are easier to tune than others.

The only way for you to know if a set is easy to tune is to come in, and try tuning it yourself.

Wide screen picture, bright picture tube, bonded etched tube, solid state, instant start.

The *wide screen picture* enables you to see more of the televised picture than you saw before.

Even though the wide screen picture is relatively new, Sears has it on most sets.

The *bright picture tube* makes whites whiter; making your color picture brighter and clearer.

Sears uses the best bright picture tube made. It gives you brightness without washing out the dark colors.

A *bonded etched tube* minimizes glare or reflection. The glare from a light for example.

The bonded etched tube costs more, so not all manufacturers use it. You'll get it on most Sears sets.

Solid state means using transistors, diodes and integrated circuits. Sears uses them for greater reliability.

Instant Start means the sound comes on instantly and the picture within seconds. Sears has Instant Start on many of its better sets.



On some color TVs people will look okay—but the background colors will be off.



Sears Automatic Tint Lock gives you natural flesh-tone color—together with good background color.

How good is color on a portable? On Sears sets, it's as good as on a console.

Portables will give you just as good color as consoles. Tuning, too, will be just as easy.

Electronically, they're basically the same. It's just that everything's more compact in a portable.



Sears Best 19-inch diag. meas. color portable has Automatic Tint Lock and Automatic Fine Tuning.

You'll find a huge selection of color portables at Sears. Including Sears best 19-inch diagonal measure picture color portable. A set with many outstanding features—including Automatic Tint Lock, Automatic Fine Tuning, bonded etched tube and wide screen picture.

Sears color portables range in picture size from 11 inches diagonal measure to 19 inches. And start under $200.

Service and selection, Sears is your best bet.

Ask about service before you buy any set.

Not all retailers service the sets they sell. Sears does.

And you can count on Sears service, whether you move across the street or across the country.

We even check out the very set we sell you before it reaches your home.

When someone buys a color TV from one of our stores, it's inspected before it's delivered. To make sure everything is in perfect condition. Not all retailers do the same.

As far as selection goes, Sears has everything.

From portables to table models to full-size consoles with the 25-inch diagonal measure wide screen picture. No one else has a larger screen.

Sears can give you what the others have, plus features of our own that practically no one else can give you—at any price.

Also, you can use one of our convenient Sears, Roebuck and Co. credit plans.

See the new shows in color. Come into Sears—and we'll help you pick the right set for you.

Sears

Lower in tar than 95% of all cigarettes sold.



Full Kentucky flavor in a low-tar cigarette.

15 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine.



PHILIP MORRIS

MULTIFILTER

Regular- 15 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine—Menthol: 12 mg. "tar," .9 mg. nicotine av. per cigerette, FTC Report Nov.'70

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

We know a young family man up in Boston for whom these particular weeks of the year pose a serious domestic challenge. He summed it up at a dinner party recently when his wife happened to ask him if he could finally get to a certain household chore he had been postponing for some time.

"I don't see how," he explained to her gently. "You know I promised to take Jimmy to Pee Wee hockey practice before my golf game Saturday morning. And UCLA-Texas comes on at 4:30. I've already told Bob he probably will have to watch the Dodger game on the basement set. And Sunday. . ." He gave an enormous shrug. "Well, good lord, this is the opening of the pro football season."

We are not too sure how our friend's wife took all this, but we understand his predicament perfectly. He and several million other Americans have simply romped into sport's season of glorious excess. In these early days of autumn our nation seems to turn into one vast coliseum. Nearly all the so-called major sports are either winding up or winding down. Skiers are studying weather maps, fishermen and golfers are getting in their last licks and the sound of the sportseaster's splintering syntax is heard across the land.

Consider the array of contenders for space in this week's issue. There are, of course, the final gasps of the baseball season, some bright college football stars—à la Washington's Sonny Sixkiller—and an already topsy-turvy pro football season. But also vying for attention are such matters as pro basketball (the first interleague games were played last week), harness racing (the Little Brown Jug), hydro racing (the season's ender), golf (Walter Bingham's school days), skiing (Jean-Claude Killy's movie) and deep-sea fishing (for giant tuna off Prince Edward Island).

Equally instructive is the lineup that did not make it into this issue—our cup runneth over sometimes, too. We are sorry, but you will have to wait until next week to read about horse racing, auto racing and hockey.

What does it all mean? There surely are those who view this burst of competitive energy as a sign of America's cultural decline, a preoccupation with the frivolous at the expense of the important. Well, we disagree. There is no reason to fret about man's interest in excellence or his high regard for the virtues of competition. The fact that these next two or three weeks represent an annual apogee of our sporting enthusiasms, that we still have something to cheer about, is cause not for mourning but celebration.



Unless you have a garage you are trying to get cleaned.

Dick Munro

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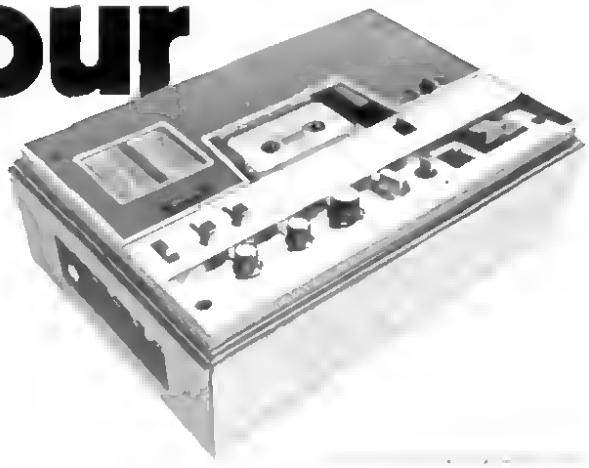
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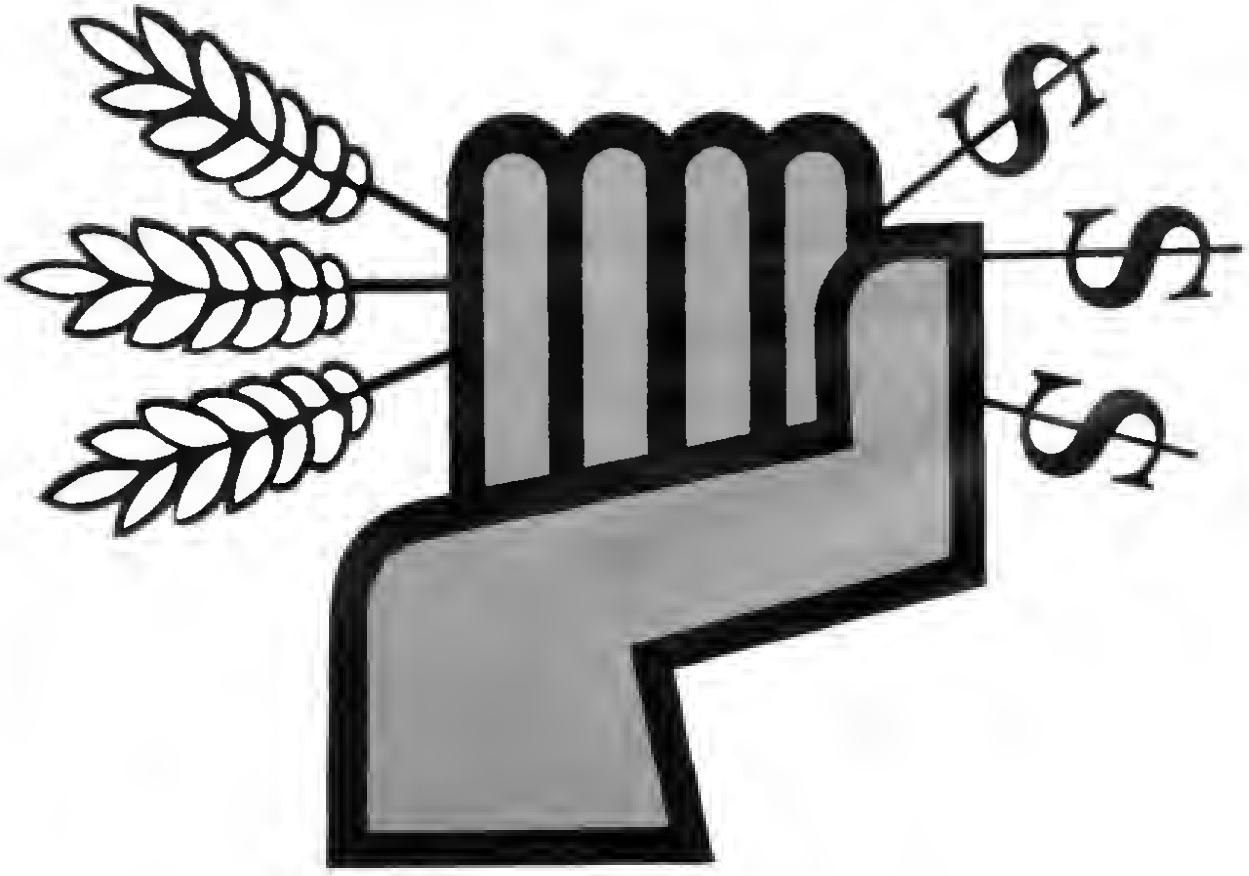
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FROM LIFE ... OCTOBER 29, 1979 / PHOTOGRAPHS BY KENNETH A. ELEMENT

BOOKTALK

A fond glance at the mystique of Ole Miss by an outstanding football mystic

For reasons of geography, tradition and choice the University of Mississippi has always been a particularly inbred salient of a particularly inbred state. Unlike most major colleges, Ole Miss recruits its football teams from a comparatively narrow band of American society: the young, white male population of the state. The coaching staff is equally insular and changeless. Young assistant coaches, felt-hatted and content with their station, have grown gray on the sidelines, not to mention the sideburns.

At Ole Miss the athletic director and head football coach are brothers, second and third generations of fathers, sons and brothers play on the teams. Football games are family reunions, merry-go-rounds of hugs and kisses. Pooles marry Heidels, who are cousins to ... and so on in Faulknerian confusion.

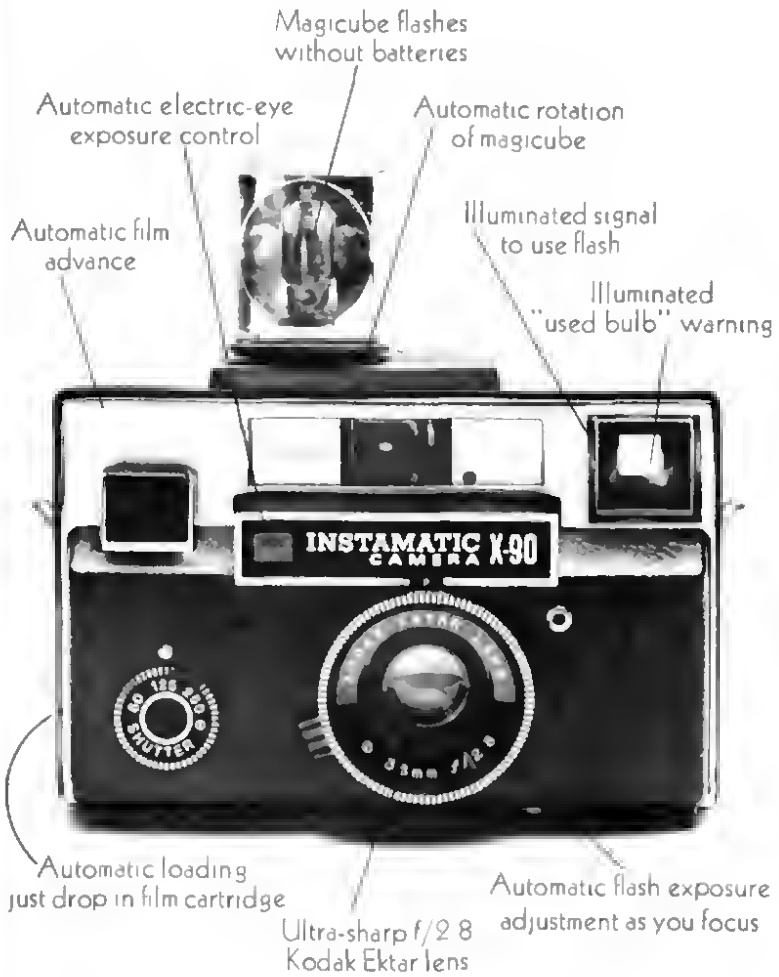
But time alters even dynasties, and Ole Miss is changing. Today an occasional black face may be seen at Rebel practice sessions, and a few outsiders (i.e., non-Mississippians) have joined the coaching staff. Even John Vaught, who coached at Ole Miss for 23 years before retiring in 1970, has changed. Last spring he was photographed wearing a hairpiece; this fall he has completed his memoirs (*Rebel Coach*, Memphis State University Press, $6.95) — two of the more improbable acts of this most private of the country's great football coaches.

When John Vaught arrived at Ole Miss in 1947, the school had to borrow jerseys from the University of Alabama to present a respectable appearance. When Vaught retired last season, following a heart attack, only Darrell Royal at Texas, among those coaches active for at least 15 seasons, had a better record — by 1/1,000th of a percentage point. Of all the coaches in Southeastern Conference history, none — not even Bear Bryant or General Bob Neyland — has won as many games and championships.

That, then, is the range of *Rebel Coach*. Early on in his book it is apparent that Vaught, the Texan, loves Ole Miss. Sure, he sees its freckles and warts, but he embraces them as part of the whole lovable bundle. Even disagreeable events, like the armed hostility that ruled in the wake of the James Meredith incident in 1962, have their compensations. Vaught's 1962 squad, unbeaten and untied, is credited by its coach with having helped restore order and diminish racial tension.

Vaught is sparing with his analysis of his coaching techniques (pressed to reveal his secret of success, he will say only that it was because he used good old Mississippi boys), but he does make a conscientious effort to explain the mystique of Mississippi football and, in the process, the state itself.

CHARLES GILLESPIE



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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

BAD SHOW

Bob Short, owner of the Texas Rangers, or whatever he plans to call his refurbished Senators when they move from Washington to Dallas-Fort Worth, was refreshingly candid when he termed himself a failure for the way he ran his baseball operation in the nation's capital. He made one superb move when he hired Ted Williams as manager, but otherwise everything Short did was glaringly inept. He made terrible trades (the Denny McLain thing), spent money foolishly (Curt Flood) and displayed the optimistic naiveté of a gauche owner in trying to achieve instant success on the field with tired old stars instead of building from the bottom with young players, as the Kansas City Royals are doing so brilliantly, and as even the impatient Charlie Finley has done with his A's.

Result: a dying team and a dead franchise. But a dead baseball city? How can you blame Washington fans or visitors to the District for not breaking down the gates of the stadium, particularly since the price scale for tickets to this inept show was the highest in the league? How can you blame radio-TV for not paying premium fees for the privilege of airing a perennial flop?

No, the fault, as Bob Short says, lies with Bob Short.

BIG KAREEM

Lew Alcindor's decision to follow Cassius Clay's lead and change his name is not causing one-tenth the furor and publicity that accompanied the arrival of "Muhammad Ali" in sporting nomenclature. Alcindor, who is changing his name legally (Ali has not yet done that), expects a Chicago court to make it official in a few weeks, and the Milwaukee Bucks have said they will refer to their big center as Kareem Abdul Jabbar (*page 20*). The player indicated that he would not be too upset if for a time newspapers continued to refer to him as Alcindor. "I imagine they might parenthesize 'Alcindor' after 'Jabbar' until January or so, when people will be getting used to it," he says.

Jabbar also says that his new religion is not the same as Ali's. He is a traditional Moslem, whereas Ali is a Black Muslim, a newer sect. "I have no right to criticize them," he says, "and if they accomplish good, then I'm all for them. I just want to make it plain that I do not follow what they follow. I want to state what I am and not have it confused with anyone or anything else."

SIDEWINDERS

Bob Kap, kicking scout for the Dallas Cowboys—yes, Virginia, some football teams have kicking scouts, just as some have offensive coordinators—says the conventional head-on, or toe-on, placekicker will soon be as extinct as leather nose guards. Kap is a former soccer coach who has made several trips to Europe searching for kickers, and he may be prejudiced, but he says that, "In three or four years there will be no more American-style kickers in the NFL. All will be soccer kickers. When men kick with the toe, too small a part of the foot makes contact with the ball. The soccer kicker meets the ball with his whole instep, and the ball goes much truer."

You won't convince George Blanda, but four of the five leading placekickers in the American Conference last year were sidewinders. Never mind that football, son. Dig a soccer ball out of the closet and let's go out on the side lawn a while.

QUEEN KING

Billie Jean King, women's U.S. Open tennis champion, is resigned to being ranked second in the world behind Australia's Evonne Goolagong, who defeated her at Wimbledon, but she isn't too happy about it. "Tennis rankings are archaic," says the 27-year-old Mrs. King. "Whoever wins Wimbledon is ranked No. 1. Well, Wimbledon doesn't mean that much anymore. The only two things that should count are a player's won-loss record and her prize money. Still, Evonne won it, so she'll be No. 1 and I'll be No. 2, even though I've won 15 tournaments to her six. And even though I've won $95,000 this year."

Billie Jean also implied that her prize total should have been higher, and she was not thinking of the $4,000 she might have won last Sunday in the Pacific Southwest tournament if she and fellow finalist Rosemary Casals had not stalked off the court together in protest against a lineman's calls. She meant the U.S. Open at Forest Hills, where young Chris Evert was a sensation. "Nine out of every 10 people there came to see the women," argues Mrs. King. "So why didn't the women get nine-tenths of the prize money?" They received about 25%.

PETREL PETE

Pete Maravich, the stormy petrel of basketball, was either a dismal failure or a gratifying success last year in his rookie season with the Atlanta Hawks, depending on your point of view. The highly publicized Maravich, who signed a $2 million contract, received only four votes for NBA Rookie of the Year out of 192 cast by his fellow players around the league. On the other hand, he finished eighth in the league in scoring and averaged 30 points a game the last month of the season. Not bad.

Maravich resents the meager recognition he has received. "Four votes," he says. "There was a lot of jealousy and envy of me, and that proves it. They didn't respect my ability at all. I didn't have a good year—O.K., they're right about that. But I thought I deserved a little more recognition. Say, maybe 10 votes. But four?

"One writer said I should never throw a behind-the-back pass again. I've worked eight hours a day on that pass for years, thrown a million of those things, and he's telling me to quit. He doesn't have any earthly idea of what I've gone through to get where I am. I've worked for this ever since I was eight years old. Wait till he sees what I've been trying this summer at my clinics. I've got some new things ready."

Maravich's brashness and flamboyant moves on the court were resented by veterans on the Hawks. One of these, Bill Bridges, says, "I had some creative things to do when I was a rookie, but they took them all away. It took me three years to get back to that. I think

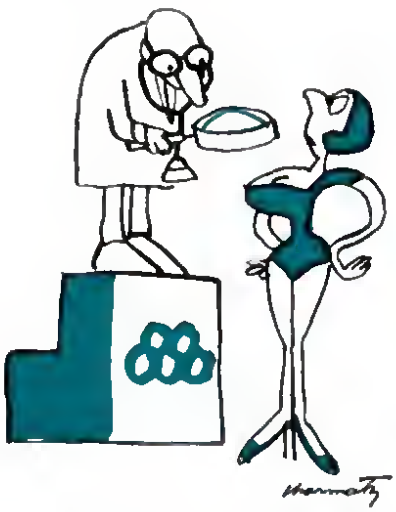
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sometimes the established veterans are so anxious to make rookies fit into the traditional system that they take a lot of creativity away from them. I certainly didn't understand Pete's creativity, didn't understand it at all. We'd been doing all these nice safe things, and here comes this rookie with the new stuff. It took us quite a while to work things out."

"This year will be better," Maravich says. "I know it will. I couldn't be more optimistic. I know I'll be handling the ball more, and that's going to be something I'll really enjoy."

RASH MEDIC

Britain's girl athletes are up in arms against Dr. Ludwig Prokop, who was chief sex tester at the Mexico City Olympics. Sports competition, says the doctor, makes girls ugly. After testing 911 girl athletes he concluded that sports



gave them hard, stringy bodies, deep voices and, in some cases, hair on their chests.

Marea Hartman, Britain's outspoken women's team manager, says: "Dr. Prokop is talking poppycock. I completely refute his insinuations. Goodness, I see the girls in the showers often enough, and I can tell you there is not a single hairy chest among them." Dr. Prokop did not indicate where he did his chest research.

Ann Wilson, the staunchly British pentathlon star, says the doctor must have been thinking of Russian girls. Miss Wilson, 22 and shapely, says she has been putting the shot in competition for six years and insists she has no hair on her chest. She adds, as a clincher, that British sports girls do not lack for boyfriends.

EPIDEMIC PROPORTIONS

One of the more distinguished horse races in this country is the Washington D.C. International at Laurel in Maryland. For almost 20 years it has been run each autumn, usually on what used to be called Armistice Day, with a selected field of international entries—including at times horses from the Soviet Union—racing over the turf. Now the International is in serious trouble because of the epidemic of equine encephalitis that infected horses in the Southwest this past summer. Most countries are very afraid of epidemic disease among animals and have strict quarantine laws. Right now, many are maintaining an absolute ban against the import of horses from the U.S. This means horses could come *to* Laurel for the International on Oct. 25, but afterward they would not be able to return home.

John D. Schapiro, Laurel's president, says the U.S. Department of Agriculture assured foreign countries that the danger of infection is nil and asked them to ease their restrictions, but without success. "My latest word," Schapiro said last week, "is that they will not even consider lifting the ban until the end of October, which would be too late for our race." So far, only one foreign horse (Trafoi, from Italy) is definitely coming, although Schapiro says he expects three or four entries from Ireland and England. Still, without a truly representative field the International will be just another race, which is a shame.

PSSST, SUDDY

The toughest ticket in Boston is one for a Bruin hockey game, so much so that 3,000 fans stood in line all night the day after Labor Day for seats to three preseason contests scheduled for early October. Scalpers always do a lively business, and even the new minor league Boston Braves of the American Hockey League have sold 7,000 season tickets.

Now Boston's ever-imaginative politicians are in the act. Bob Crane, hockey fan and close friend of Bobby Orr, is treasurer and principal fund raiser for the state Democratic Party. Casting around for ways to raise money, he came up with legal scalping: buying tickets to the October preseason games at face value and selling them to hockey-hungry fans at inflated prices, the proceeds to be used for voter-registration drives. The Bruins' management agreed to the idea as a public service, which brought the Republicans into the picture, too. Each party was allowed to buy 1,000 seats apiece for each of the three preseason games at the regular prices of $5 and $4.25 each. Then the politicians put the tickets on sale for $25, $20 and $15, and they were snapped up like baked beans, or possibly codfish cakes. The fans, at least those who got tickets, were satisfied, the club was content and the two parties, seeing eye to eye for a change, were delighted with the idea.

THE GAS HOUSE GANG

The Baltimore Orioles have orange uniforms, Charlie Finley's A's have been in "Kelly green and Fort Knox gold" for years and everybody is wearing brightly hued shoes. The next item to join baseball's color parade will be gloves. Spalding, MacGregor, Rawlings and King are planning to market blue gloves, green gloves, red gloves, even a model in red, white and blue, like the ABA basketball. Only Wilson is holding the line for basic brown.

The glittering mitts are primarily for kids and amateurs; professional baseball has not yet indicated acceptance. Still, it can only be a matter of time before public-address systems intone: "And in center field, batting .286, wearing an appealing baby-blue glove and matching shoes to complement his daring daffodil uniform. . . ."

THEY SAID IT

• Mike Reid, Cincinnati Bengal tackle, on the team's front four, Royce Berry, Steve Chomyszak, Ron Carpenter and himself: "We call ourselves Berry, Chomyszak, Carpenter and Reid. It may not be catchy, but it's functional."

• Jackie Stewart, British race driver, commenting on the White House after attending a Presidential reception: "Not quite as big as Buckingham Palace, of course, but rather impressive at that."

• Lamar Hunt, Kansas City Chiefs' owner who moved his team from Texas to Kansas City in 1963 partly because of attendance problems, on the sparse crowd of 17,000 at the Chiefs' exhibition game with the Colts at Baltimore: "I grew misty with nostalgia. It was just like the old days at Dallas." AND

Investors have just 13 weeks to try to make the most of their 1971 gains or losses. Merrill Lynch explains how.



For most investors, the tax year ends on December 31st. Not April 15th.

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But if you wait until after Christmas to sell, you can postpone the $700 in additional taxes for 12 months. (You don't have to wait until 1972 to sell because of the 5-day rule for delivering securities on most exchanges.)

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Along with the Tax Guide, we'll send our other tax aid. Tax Exchanges. It's a list of more than 200 pairs of stocks. Each pair has a stock we think you might want to sell and a stock we think you should exchange it for. In many cases, both stocks are in the same industry. Where they aren't, we've paired stocks that we think have about the same risk/reward relationship. The idea is to help you decide how to take a tax loss and still keep your investment in the kind of stocks you like.

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Sports Illustrated
OCTOBER 4, 1971

RED, WHITE AND WHO?

The NBA still has size and style, including big No. 33 with a new name (below), but one week of interleague action showed the ABA is playing its way to parity—fast

by PETER CARRY

Pro basketball exhibition games used to have a towering lack of class. Their gate appeal was so low that teams gleefully split the ticket receipts (if any) with the local Order of the Eastern Star for allowing two clubs to play during halftime of the weekly mah-jongg and crocheting bee down at the Masonic Temple. The same fabulous deal was open to any CYO that could find a church basement where a bingo game was not in progress or to a farmers' co-op with an empty grain elevator.

But never again. With the two pro leagues, the NBA and ABA, fitfully edging toward a merger, the owners have at last found something that makes airing out the big arenas, sweeping the floor and printing up tickets worthwhile. It is called the Inter-League Exhibition Game. Remember that title.

The ILEG phenomenon made its debut last week when two of the NBA's best teams, the Milwaukee Bucks and the Baltimore Bullets, visited five ABA cities. As promised, they drew sizable, enthusiastic crowds. As promised, there was new hoopla—splashes of color right down to some action with the ABA's red, white and blue basketball. But, surprisingly, it was the members of the older league who came out of the week looking as if they might be better off back at the ladies' sewing circle.

When anyone in the NBA last bothered to check, they reported back to their bosses that the ABA was stocked with players too small and untalented to so much as loosen the sneakers of the boys from the real league. But now, it appears, a different kind of lacing may soon be going on. While still not the equal of the NBA, the ABA is zooming toward parity far faster than expected.



It is the Kentucky Colonels, with their $2 million baby, 7′ 2″ rookie Center Artis Gilmore, who are leading the way. Against the Bullets, Gilmore put on a performance that surely left some NBA folks longing for the good old days before the ABA began stirring up trouble, paying seven-figure bonuses and—worst of all—beating the older league in basketball games. Gilmore led Kentucky, last season's runner-up in the ABA playoffs, to a thumping 111–85 victory over the 1971 NBA runner-up Bullets.

Granted, it was merely an exhibition game, an early one at that (a total of 24 such games are scheduled before the regular season, when interleague play will cease). Yet, among the five played last week, all of which turned out to be embarrassments of sorts for the NBA, the decisive Kentucky win put the most noticeable dent in the older league's self-proclaimed invincibility.

The trouble for the NBA started on Tuesday night at Dallas in what looked like one of the monster mismatches of all time. The Milwaukee Bucks, champions of the Universe and beyond, came to play the Dallas Chaparrals, who are out of this world in quite another way. It was to be a big night for the Bucks, who lost only 18 of 106 exhibition, regular-season and playoff games last year. For one thing, they were introducing an old center with a new title. Kareem Abdul Jabbar started in the post, replacing Lew Alcindor. Otherwise, he was the same old No. 33, crashing for rebounds and scoring 32 points. Jabbar—the name is a manifestation of his Islamic beliefs—received little support from his teammates, and Milwaukee trailed in the closing seconds of the fourth quarter before McCoy McLemore's jump shot and a pair of free throws by Lucius Allen pulled out a 106–103 Buck win.

The Bucks undoubtedly went into the game planning to take it easy on Dallas Coach Tom Nissalke, who was the Milwaukee assistant the past three years. Besides, Oscar Robertson was not in the lineup. Robertson's absence helped destroy that NBA dictum: a reasonably good team from the older league could crunch any ABA club, and of course a weak one like the Chaps, even when its starters were off testifying in Washington against the merger.

Jabbar, for one, was thoroughly impressed by the Chaparrals. "I wasn't displeased with my game or the team's," he said. "Dallas has as fine a guard corps as there is, and I was surprised at how good their forwards are. If they had the big center they would really be

continued

Looking not at all like a rookie, Artis Gilmore of Kentucky gathers up an ABA rebound.



tough. I think that's about the only difference between the two leagues right now. The ABA does not have as many big, tough centers."

It was in Louisville the next night that Baltimore ran into one of the few ABA teams with a big, tough center. Gus Johnson had remained at home, working his way back into shape after off-season surgery on both knees. Had he played, Johnson could have applied his considerable defeosive talents against the game's high seorer (24 points), Dan Issel. After leading the ABA in scoring last year as a center, Issel has moved to forward this season to make room for Gilmore, a shift that gives the Colonels a front line any NBA team would envy. Earl Monroe, who worked his special magic brilliantly the night before in the Bullets' preseason opener against the Knickerbockers, was out, too, having been sent home with a sudden flareup of bursitis in his right knee.

But the saddest knee case belonged to Wes Unseld, the Baltimore center. He played far below full strength, suffering the lingering effects of a recent cartilage operation on his left knee. Unseld came to the Bullets from Louisville's Seneca High School and the University of Louisville. At both he achieved a reputation for athletic excellence and personal iotegrity that made him one of the most popular players in Kentucky history, and his presence was partly responsible for attracting 13,821 fans to Freedom Hall. Unseld had been caught up in the first of the violent bidding skirmishes between the NBA and ABA to sign top college stars. Some insensitive ABA tactics embittered Unseld and drove him away from his home town. He signed with the Bullets for $400,000, eveo though the then owners of the Colonels offered him more money.

In addition to injuries, the Bullets encountered the psychological problem that is likely to bother all NBA teams in the interleague games ahead. "I hear these guys are really up for this one. I'll tell you I'm really ready for it, too," laughed Baltimore's Jack Mario before the Kentucky game. "I mean I understand all that stuff about pride, but it shouldn't get outta hand. I gotta worry about getting in shape for the 82 games we've got to play and all the ones after that we hope to play. I want to be in shape for them because they mean something. If they want



Ex-Center Issel converts to fast forward.

this game that bad, they'll kill us."

The Colonels wanted it bad. The day before the game, new Kentucky Coach Joe Mullaney, who hugely enjoys Gilmore's mobility after two years of coaching stationary Wilt Chamberlain in Los Angeles, hustled a scout off to the Bullet-Knick game in Virginia, an unheard-of move in the exhibitioo seasoo.

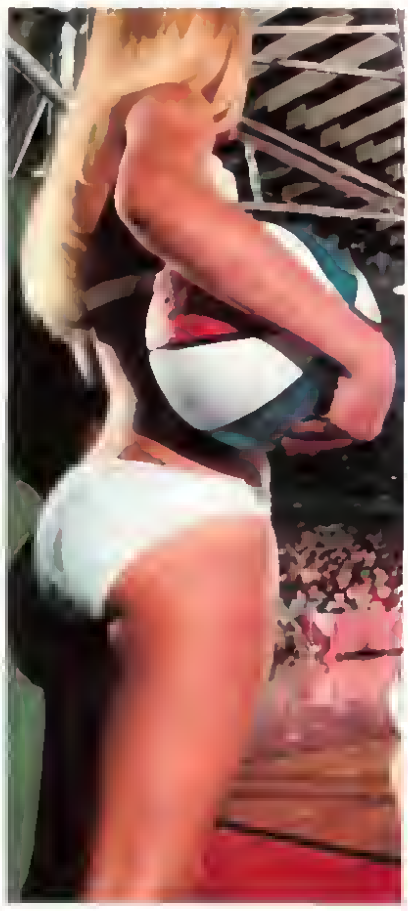
"This is something we've been looking forward to for four years," said Louie Dampier, the 6′, sharpshooting and ballhandling Kentucky guard whose size and talents made him the epitome of the ABA's image in the league's early seasons. "They say we're weaker and I'd like to prove we aren't. I won't say I'll play harder because I always play as hard as I can. But when they leave here tonight I want to make sure they won't be looking down on us anymore."

The Bullets did not exactly look up when they took the floor at Freedom Hall for a pregame practice session with the ABA's red, white and blue ball. "What's this thing for, trained seals?" asked Mad Dog Fred Carter as he took a ball and attempted—unsuccessfully—to spin it on the end of his nose. Marin, the long-range gun in Baltimore's offense, saw the three-point goal arc taped on the floor and announced, "I'm not just a star in this league, I'm a superstar." He promptly missed four of five practice tries from behind the line.

The Bullet shooting was barely more accurate in the game. Kentucky built a 14-point lead in the second period and was never seriously threatened thereafter. Without injuries aod with the incentive of regular-season play, the Bullets assuredly would be at least a match for the Colonels. Yet Gilmore's performance, even though marred occasionally by the inevitable rookie errors, showed such promise that it may not be long before the Colonels surpass the Bullets and have to be talked about in terms of Milwaukee's Bucks.

On offense, Gilmore demonstrated far better mobility and a surer shooting touch than was expected after his career at Jacksonville University, where he rarely shot from anywhere other than directly under the basket. And his rebounding and defense are already excellent. On Kentucky's most spectacular offensive thrust of the game, Gilmore crashed high between two beefier Bullets for a defensive rebound and hurled to the speeding Issel a full-court pass reminiscent of Bill Russell.

On the court, beyond that Florida bunny.



The resulting collision under the Kentucky basket indicated something of Issel's power and the toughness of Baltimore's 6′ 9″ rookie Forward Stan Love, a first-round draft choice from Oregon who led his team with 19 points. Issel caught Gilmore's pass on the run, drove to the basket and scored, plowing over Love on the way. Issel's knee slammed the Baltimore player on the chest, knocked him cold and left him gagging. After the trainers from both teams had their fingers bitten reaching into Love's mouth to make sure he had not swallowed his tongue, the rookie, who had come within seconds of suffocating, took a one-minute rest and returned to the game.

On defense Gilmore blocked six shots and clearly intimidated the Bullets on four others. Again, his style reflected glimmers of Russell. On each of his blocks he waited patiently, ignoring the shooter's fakes, leaping only after the ball had been released and tipping it away before it had reached the apex of its trajectory.

"I know it sounds like hindsight, but there were some scouts last year who said they didn't like Gilmore," said Bullet Kevin Loughery, who is in his 10th NBA season. "I knew they had to be wrong. This game is all rebounding and defense. All you have to do is look at the kid to see that's what he likes best. Right now I'd say he's one of the five most important players in the pros."

Baltimore's embarrassment did not end in Kentucky. The next night at Miami the Bullets met the Floridians, one of the ABA's poorest teams, and lost again, 96–88, as little Mack Calvin scored 33 points. In two weekend games against the improved Carolina Cougars, who have a 7′ rookie of their own, Jim McDaniels, the Bullets barely won one, 106–104, and then lost again, 108–98.

So interleague exhibition games are here, but the next step, an NBA-ABA merger, remains in doubt. Hearings on legislation to permit such a merger began in the Senate on the same day the Bucks and Chaps played the first exhibition game. The owners of both leagues and most of the ABA players support the merger, but it is opposed by the well-organized NBA Players Association. The anti-merger forces seemed to win the first round before the Senate's Antitrust and Monopoly Legislation Subcommittee, which is chaired by Sam Ervin (D., N.C.). Ervin clearly favored the NBA player position. He raised the dreaded specter of federal regulation, called the present condition of pro athletes under reserve and option clauses "peonage," and ended by expanding a second round of hearings in November to include an investigation of all professional sports operations.

Senator Ervin's position could result in sweeping changes in the business aspects of sports franchises, but for the fans the best hope is that a rapid solution can be reached regardless of who wins the legislative battle. Otherwise, games between teams like the Bullets and Colonels may continue to be mere exhibitions. Last week's action proved they are too good for that sort of status—no matter what color the basketball. AND

Bullets' Unseld struggles on sore knee.



Even domineting Center Jabbar discovered that the ABA does some domineting of its own.





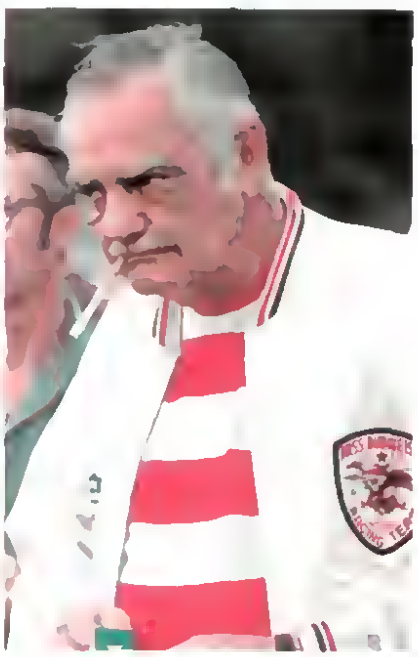
SHE DOES A LOT FOR A LITTLE

'Miss Budweiser' is the obliging she, an unlimited hydro which won her third straight title for a man of unlimited confidence, Bernie Little

by HUGH D. WHALL







PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHEEDY & LONG

Like the sport he dominates, Bernie Little is racy, highly audible and disasterproof. The only man in recent memory to crash a helicopter on a Miami street, a feat he performed last year, Little backflipped into unlimited hydroplane racing in much the same way just eight years ago. He bought a boat and named it *Tempo* after Guy Lombardo's racers. It never found the beat. But since Little's flair for success is as pronounced as his instinct for survival, he soon became a winner. Indeed, so consistent a winner that his *Miss Budweiser* captured the national championship in both 1969 and 1970. Last weekend, in a grand commingling of chaos and sporting elan at Dallas, of all places, Little, *Miss Budweiser* and Driver Dean Chenoweth won the title again.

Among those who shared Little's glee as the departing racing crowd slogged up the muddy banks of Lake Dallas, a 20-mile-long slash of moisture in a state that is no water wonderland, was Gussie Busch, the beer king, who seems to appear at hydro races more often than at his Cardinals' baseball games. Maybe that is because it costs him a trifling $150,000 a year to fancy up *Miss Budweiser* as a 200-mph billboard—one that delivers, and can't give him any lip.

What Little might say to Busch is something else. What does he have to lose but the world's fastest beer commercial? And not having yielded his life by now, he has a kind of colossal cool. He has earned it. Flash back to an April night in 1945. Bernie, age 18, is a bosun's mate aboard a troop ship moored off Okinawa. A Japanese suicide sub smashes into the ship, the U.S.S. *Marathon*, and as one of the 36 survivors, Bernie scrambles up on deck and bails out. "Man, when you jump into smoke, oil and flame in the middle of the night, that's fear," he recalls. "That's the scaredest Little Bernie's ever been."

Grant him guts, but you wonder about the brains. Little volunteered to reboard the still floating *Marathon* to help patch the hull, and afterward volunteered to steer that expendable vessel through Japanese minefields to help clear them. People like Little were given football helmets and assorted additional protective gear, then sent through the minefields to try to shiver mines loose from their moorings, whereupon marksmen in gunboats would blow them up. The trouble was, some of the mines blew up the mine mowers. After 60 days of such boating fun, Bernie and *Marathon* were still intact, and Bernie called it quits.

He emerged from the South Pacific to become a supersalesman of yachts and airplanes. Naturally, he flew some of the latter in air races. And, naturally, there were incidents. "I've landed wheels off," he says. "I've had wheels collapse. I've had pretty near every kind of accident there is." Then he added thoughtfully: "Except fire."

By getting rich from his high-class huckstering, Little was able to play on Lombardo's street. He saw *Tempo* one day at a marina in St. Petersburg. "I gotta have that," he thought, and promptly traded a new 38-foot Chris-Craft for it. Soon he showed up for a race at Guntersville, Ala. in a long, black chauffeured limousine. He garbed his racing driver in the same basic black. Little possessed one untried boat and two engines; his competitors boasted vans of parts, acres of spare engines, platoons of mechanics and drivers who thought his man's uniform was real precious. They laughed when they heard that Little put the crankshaft in one of his engines back to front, and guffawed when *Tempo* nearly broke in two on its first practice lap. "I hate," said Little, "to be laughed at."

So he applied money and sweat. En route to the top he has had eight different unlimiteds in eight years and has won virtually every race that is run in the United States and Canada. He has also seen three of his boats crash in a big way and had "the lights go dim," as he puts it, when two of his drivers were killed.

As the chief and most visible owner of the champion boat (Little has as an almost silent partner a California sportsman, Tom Friedkin), he throws a wide loop around an often muddled sport. Rules are occasionally observed in the breach, prize money is often scarce, the racing itself is all too often dull—and the casualty rate is appalling. Rare is the year that is unmarred by the death of a driver or two. In 1966 three of the best were killed on the Potomac at Washington in a single afternoon. No hydro race is free of all confusion, but in Texas the normal quotient was compounded by heavy midweek rain and the fact that it was the first such event ever for Lake Dallas. Initially scheduled for Saturday, the finals were postponed until Sunday when rain washed away the pits. From the new pits boats had to be towed out through shallow water between rows of boat sheds, first by skin divers, then powerboats. Just getting a boat out sometimes took 20 minutes.

Little was all over the place, now wiping down *Miss Budweiser*, now helping retrieve *Hallmark Homes*, which embarrassingly sank in the pits, now directing the directors of a commercial being shot around *Miss Bud*, now roaring around on his motorcycle, now shouting salutations through the bullhorn of his bus, a luxurious motorized pad.

To be sure, Little could afford his exuberance since he had acquired a long lead on the boat nearest to *Miss Budweiser* in the season's point standings, *Miss Madison*. It would take a catastrophe of near-*Marathon* proportions to blow the championship. But hydroplane racing being what it is, that was not a possibility to be completely dismissed. Boats ram other boats, take off like airplanes, blow their engines, sometimes even fail to start.

On Saturday the sun came out for preliminary heats, and Little demonstrated anew that when it comes to titles, *Miss Budweiser* is the one boat to have when you're having more than one. She defeated *Miss Madison* at an average speed of 101.656 mph, giving her foe nothing but the kiss of the hops. Next day all *Miss Budweiser* had to do was survive two heats. Nevertheless, Chenoweth drove aggressively and clinched the title in the opener by finishing second to the flat-out *Miss Madison* and picking up 300 points, all *Miss Bud* needed. Really standing on it once again in the final, Chenoweth was washed down, *i.e.*, drenched by another boat's rooster tail, in the first turn and lost a lap getting his big Rolls engine restarted.

"Ah, well, it's no good playing it safe," said Little, who was content with the national title as *Pride of Pay'n Pak*, driven by Billy Schumacher, went on to win the Dallas race. "When you do, something always goes wrong." But how would he know? **END**

Escaping the mud that made even trailering precarious, Little stands on "Miss Budweiser's" bow with Driver Chenoweth (rear), while Patron Busch prepares to light up on shore.

PURPLE PEOPLE EATERS EATEN

Jim Dooley, the Chicago Bears' coach, had this plan. He would concede the Minnesota Vikings 17 points but, by getting field position and having room to throw, the Bears would get more. They did **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**

Pssst. The Minnesota Vikings have an offense. Pass it on. It is, for identification purposes, one of those quietly efficient, low-mileage models with the slightly square silhouette. It arrives by traveling carefully in the right-hand lane. You can barely hear it because there are no holes in the muffler. It does not fumble, it does not bust plays, it does not travel imprecise pass routes. Because it is inconspicuous it has been more or less lost on the public, like Betty Grable's arms. Nobody calls the Minnesota offense the Purple People Eaters. Nicknames are for the Minnesota defense, which has flashy guys like Jim Marshall who, when he is not eating people, is diving out of airplanes.

The offense, on the other hand, is a collection of cerebral gentlemen like Grady Alderman, the certified public accountant-tackle, and Gary Cuozzo, the licensed dentist-quarterback. "They are disciplined, businesslike people," says Coach Bud Grant. "You almost expect them to show up carrying briefcases."

What they do show up carrying is footballs, often into somebody's end zone. They did it a week ago Monday when they beat what was then presumed to be—and probably still is—their principal rival in the NFL Central, the Detroit Lions. And they did it against a lesser opponent, the Chicago Bears, on a gloomy, unreal afternoon in Minnesota last weekend but, as it turned out, not often enough.

Ah, the Bears! The butt of a thousand one-liners, they are suddenly 2 and 0 and people (purple or otherwise) have to wonder where they came from and where they could possibly think they are going.

For the record, the Bears' coach is named Jim Dooley. He is from Miami, where the sun shines. Now in his fourth year as head coach of the Bears, for whom he once played, Dooley has rarely seen the sun, living as he does in the shadow of George Halas. Nobody knows the trouble Dooley has seen. "I'm 41 years old," he says. "I only look 80." In truth, Dooley is tall, handsome and curly-haired and he does not look his age at all, but he is presently working on the tail end of his contract and, when you examine too closely what he has to work with, you tend to shudder on his behalf.

One preseason assessment of the Bears began something like this. "The worst rushing offense in the NFC last year produced three (count 'em, three) touchdowns and is weaker this year with Gale Sayers still limping. As for the passing, it's as bad as ever. And the secondary is worse . . ." It got negative after that.

The night before these same Bears arrived at Metropolitan Stadium in Bloomington, Dooley sat in front of a prime rib, brandishing a steak knife in the general direction of his dinner partner and telling exactly how his club was going to upset the Vikings. Dooley invariably exudes more enthusiasm than his team does talent, but he was especially excited this time because he had a plan.

First there was that Viking offense. Forget it, he said. It was too sound to worry about. He characterized it as a "17-point offense." He was willing to concede the 17 points. He said he had been telling the Bears all week, "Hold Minnesota to 17 and you can win."

But how was he to, uh, well, you know, get 18 points?

"Field position," he said. "In effect, beat the Vikings at their own game. Run kickoffs and punts back to our 35 at least. Force the Vikings to move from deep in their own territory. Consider a drive to midfield a moral victory. And this is where we tell our guys, if you have to give up the ball there, punt. You're winning, *winning*! Don't get discouraged and eventually we'll have room to throw. And I know exactly where we can throw and how the Vikings will defend us—when they will revolve, where the seams will be in the zone and where we can beat them. Then it will be just a matter of the quarterback getting the ball to the receiver. He won't even have to think about it. He won't even have to look for anybody else but the primary receiver. Just get the ball there."

Dooley leaned back in his chair and tossed his knife on the table. Cold fat congealed on his untouched prime rib. He sighed. "And that, up to now, has been our problem."

It all seemed outrageous, of course. His plan was *not* to beat the Viking offense, but to avoid getting eaten alive by the Purple People and then, eventually, to shove the ball down their throats.

Well, heathens, that is exactly what the Bears did.

But first they gave up those 17 points to the Viking offense, and a few words should be said here about its leader.

The man who quarterbacks the Vikings—for the time being at least, because that subject, like Birch Bayh's mouth, seems never closed—is Gary Cuozzo, the dentist. Cuozzo is the archetypal Minnesota offensive player. That is to say, he has become that since the roaring days of Joe Kapp. Two words to describe Kapp were "barroom" and "brawler." "Quietly purposeful" would be two for Cuozzo. "Resolute" would be another. "Unsigned" would be a fourth because Cuozzo knows what Kapp used to make and he thinks the contract offered him by the Vikings this year was demeaning. "I'm a better quarterback than that," he says. And when he says it is not the money but the principle you can believe him because no quarterback living has the long-range earning potential of a practicing orthodontist, which is what Cuozzo will be one day.

Cuozzo, who won a Phi Beta Kappa key, if not fame on the gridiron, at Virginia, signed with Baltimore as a free agent in 1963. Four years later he was on his way to New Orleans, an expansion team. Quarterbacks on expansion teams have to run for their lives, expansion-team lines being what they are. Cuozzo does not run. "I'm more comfortable in the pocket," he says. In New Orleans there was no pocket. The next year he was traded to Minnesota, where he took over for Kapp after the latter went off to Boston in a huff.



Dick Butkus, here zeroing in on Gery Cuozzo, epitomized a Chicago defense that gave up precisely the prescribed number of points

In the off season, the Vikings got another quarterback in Norm Snead but it was Cuozzo who opened (wide, of course) the season against the Lions, generated 16 points—one below the quota—and rallied his team in the second half to win. The day before, practically unnoticed, the Bears fumbled around in the rain in Chicago, looking like all their jokes, and then were redeemed when a quarterback named Kent Nix, who couldn't make the Steelers, couldn't make the Packers and couldn't make the Vikings, came off the bench to throw a touchdown pass in the last seconds.

And so the Bears arrived in Minneapolis, undefeated and not to be taken seriously.

The game started sluggishly, but eventually Cuozzo clicked into gear, hooks, curls, sideline passes. No surprises. No explosions. "To explode," he had said, "you have to be designed for an explosion. We're not." In a 73-yard drive that consumed 9½ minutes, he completed six straight passes. The longest was for 14 yards and the last was for four, to Bob Grim for the touchdown. 7–0, Vikings.

In the third quarter the Bears got close enough for a field goal: 7–3. Cuozzo had said before the game that he had tried some gentle persuasion on Grant to get him to open up a little when the time was ripe. Grant was amenable. The time was ripe. Two Cuozzo passes covered 71 yards, the last a 52-yarder to Grim: 14–3, Minnesota. Then a field goal: 17–3.

Now it was the last quarter, going fast, and the Bears were—what? "Not discouraged!" yelled Dooley afterward. "Our field position kept getting better and better. We were *winning*, don't you see?"

The Bears started on their 44. Jack Concannon was the quarterback and, Dooley said, if the receivers had not dropped so many balls you would have to say he had been having a "great day." Indeed, throwing into the seams, he completed 23 of 37 passes. Concannon moved the Bears to the Viking 36, where another of his passes was dropped, and where Carl Eller dropped Concannon hard. Concannon stumbled off the field. Nix trotted on. "I like coming in this way," he said later. "Watching from the sidelines gives me a chance to see what's going on."

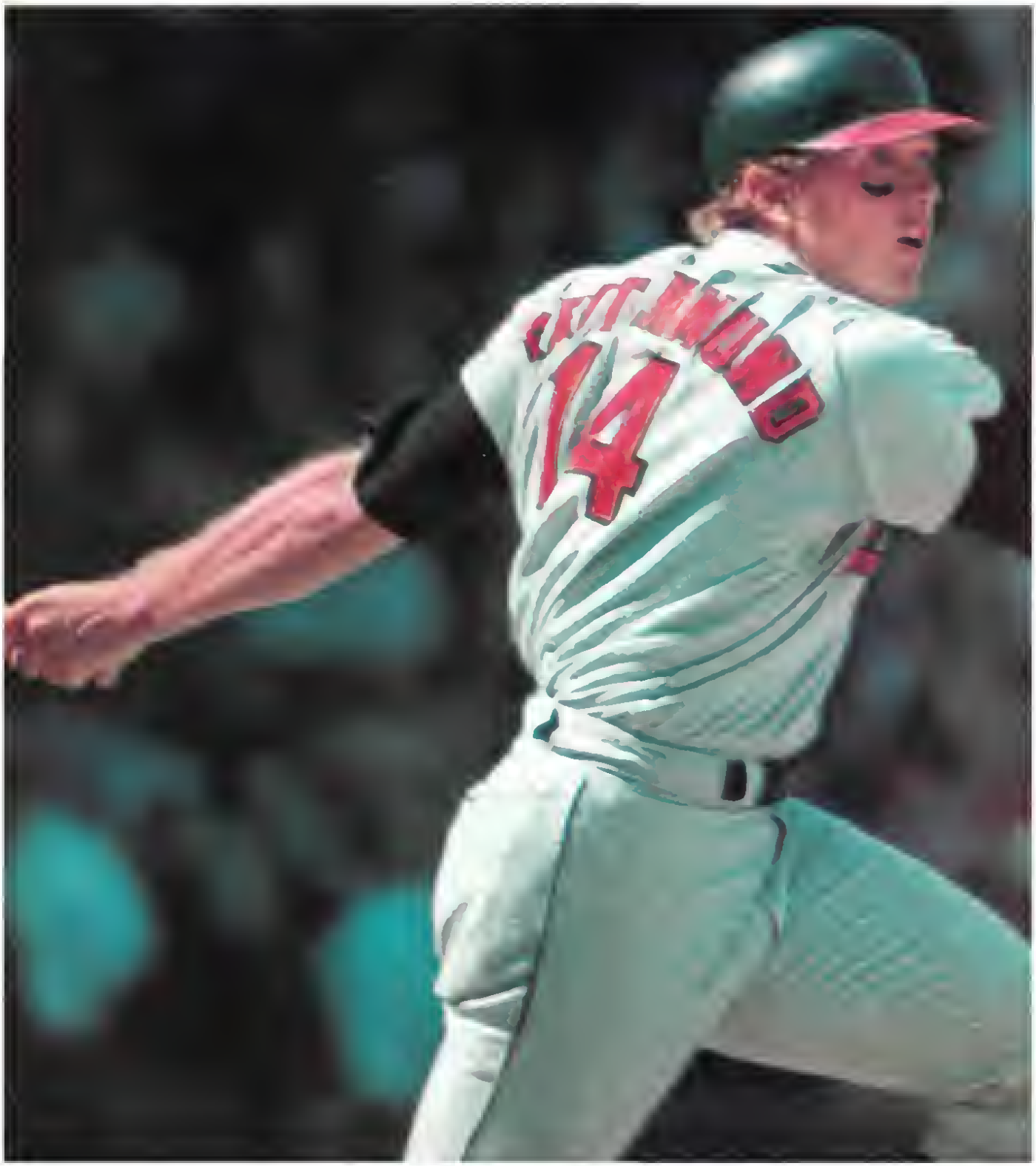
On the first play Nix threw a 36-yard touchdown pass to Dick Gordon. It looked as simple as it sounds. 17–10 Minnesota was unable to move. The Bears took over on the Viking 45 and kicked a 45-yard field goal to make it 17–13. Suddenly there was only a minute plus left. Chicago had the ball again, this time on the Viking 37, and somehow worried it down to the Minnesota 19. Gordon, who caught 13 touchdown passes last year to lead the NFL, lined up left. On the call he broke straight ahead, cut for the inside and, for a split second, froze Viking Safety Paul Krause. Then he turned again to the left and raced for the flag in the corner of the end zone, hare steps ahead of Krause and the other safety, Karl Kassulke. The Purple People were flailing away at the line, trying to get at Nix. As though he had been doing it every day all his life, Nix laid the ball to Gordon a step in front of the back line. Touchdown, Chicago. 20–17.

Psst. The Purple People can be had. Pass it on **END**

WELL, HE'S THAT KIND OF GUY

Old shoe, organization man, throwback to pre-Bouton days—the descriptions all fit Merv Rettenmund, who loves, honors and obeys, too, and right now swings the meanest of some awfully wicked bats

by RON FIMRITE



His name is not Robinson. He has not been favored with an exotic sobriquet like "Boog." No one would mistake him for the Vice President of the United States. For that matter, his neighborhood grocer might be better known outside the state of Maryland.

He is, plainly and simply, just that nice young man who has led the world champion Baltimore Orioles in hitting these past two seasons. He is just Merv Rettenmund.

Merv Rettenmund. . . . Now there is a name not to be reckoned with—polysyllabic, Germanic, Middle Western, a melting pot name from a time when melting in the pot was achieved with a low flame and a high boiling point.

But a Merv Rettenmund by any other name still would not be a household word. For call him what you will, he remains an anachronism, a spiritual relic, a throwback to one of those blue-eyed blond campus deities who shone so brightly in the green light of Scott Fitzgerald's envy.

> He sighed eagerly. There at the head of the white platoon marched Allenby, the football captain, slim and defiant, as if aware that this year the hopes of the college rested on him, that his 160 pounds were expected to dodge to victory through the heavy blue and crimson lines.*

At a time when rebellion is fashionable, even at the old ball park, Merv Rettenmund is an organization man. He seldom grumbles, rarely gripes. He admires his teammates, obeys his manager, respects his owner. He is the compleat ballplayer: a hitter, a runner, a thrower. He will give you—oh Lord—nine innings of baseball.

Rettenmund is a team man on a team of stars—the Robinsons, the 20-game winners, Boog—but the fault of his obscurity lies not so much with the stars as with himself. He is doggedly uncontroversial, fiercely normal. Just when ballplayers, even the sheepishly conventional, have pretensions to libertinism, Merv Rettenmund can say something as appallingly reactionary as "I don't think I could have made it to the big leagues if I hadn't been married."

Ballplayers today prefer to think of themselves as entrepreneurs, business executives, restaurateurs, authors, revolutionaries, anything but ballplayers. So here is Merv Rettenmund answering a question about his interests outside baseball: "Outside baseball I have no interests. None whatsoever."

Does Merv Rettenmund whoop it up in those celebrated road trip bacchanals? "I think I'm human, but I'm a very poor drinker, and that's in my favor. Besides, I don't like to hang out with ballplayers too much. I see enough of them. I like to spend my time with my family."

"Merv," says teammate Boog Powell, "would never be very big in a Bouton book." And yet Rettenmund does have a reputation among his colleagues as something of a wag, even, for some, a black humorist.

"Merv," says Powell, "will say things sometimes that are really weird." "He comes up with some great lines," says Oriole Third Baseman Brooks Robinson. "He is," says Shortstop Mark Belanger, "funny as a son of a gun."

But, from the available evidence, such testimony may be more useful as an indictment of locker-room wit than as a tribute to a neo-Lenny Bruce.

"When Bobby Grich came back to the dugout after striking out one day," said Oriole Coach Billy Hunter, recalling a Rettenmundian jape, "Merv called him over and said, 'Now, Bobby, when the pitcher turns his hands like this [and Hunter described with his own hands a twist of the wrist common to any high school pitcher] that means he's going to throw a breaking pitch.' Bobby just looked at him like he was getting great advice. I think he thought Merv was really serious."

Some of Rettenmund's bon mots vary according to the interpreter. "Merv always says two things in life are certain," says Belanger. "There'll be snow in the winter and I'll get my two hits." "Merv always says three things in life are certain," says Second Baseman Dave Johnson. "Death, taxes and my three hits."

Rettenmund is asked which National League team he would prefer to play against in the World Series, providing the Orioles survive the playoffs with Oakland. He answers without hesitation: "The Philadelphia Phillies."

Merv Rettenmund comes from Flint, Mich. His father, a General Motors superintendent and frustrated baseball player, began early to groom his son as the projection of his own thwarted ambition. The son dutifully applied himself, never rebelling against the paternal imperative. "I always enjoyed playing baseball," he says. "I enjoy it even more now."

Rettenmund went to Ball State University in Muncie, Ind., where he majored in physical education—he hopes to coach college baseball someday—starred in football and baseball and married a pretty coed whose first and middle names, Susan Kay, were the same as his sister's. He never considered himself a natural athlete, but he broke school rushing records in football and home-run records in baseball. He was good enough in football to be drafted as a possible wide receiver or defensive back by the Dallas Cowboys. He was—and still is—a heavily muscled, 5′ 10″ 187-pounder with exceptional speed.

"Mervin had tremendous natural ability," says Ray Louthen, his college football and baseball coach. "He's probably the finest all-round athlete who ever played at Ball State. He is the kind of kid you have great affection for. And I think he had great respect for me. It's not like a normal coach-player relationship. I don't think I've ever felt this way about any other player. I just marvel at the kid. He's the same now as then."

Mervin is no kid now, but, at 28, he is just approaching his potential as a professional athlete. "He will be a consistent .300 hitter," says Oriole Manager

continued

*THIS SIDE OF PARADISE

Thick-thewed and quick, Rettenmund has a slugger's swing that is as full as his average.

Earl Weaver. "He always makes contact, and I think he'll learn to hit with power. Now he's just trying to hit the ball. But he has the strength to hit from 30 to 35 home runs a season."

Rettenmund spent four years in the minor leagues and another two trying to break into the Baltimore outfield, so he qualifies in terms of experience as a late bloomer. There were times during that long period when he felt he might never flower. He nearly quit the game in his first season, with Stockton in the California League. "I was really down," he recalls. "I was lonely. I wasn't hitting. It all seemed like a mistake."

Typically, he persevered. He hit a mere .244 that first year, but .307 the next season at Stockton. In 1968 he hit .331 with Rochester in the International League and was named Minor League Player of the Year by *The Sporting News*. In 1969, at 26, he was a big-leaguer. But faced with the solid Baltimore outfield of Don Buford, Paul Blair and Frank Robinson, he was also a benchwarmer.

"I put on 10 pounds sitting on the bench," he says. "The only problem I had was deciding where I was going to eat after the game. Finally, I got to the point where I would say to myself, 'Gee, I'm glad I'm not playing, because I would watch the pitcher and think, I can't hit that guy.' "

Merv Rettenmund was down again. And again, he persevered. Last year he got his chance to play, if only irregularly. He was the noble substitute, able to handle any of three outfield positions whenever illness, injury or slumps afflicted the regulars. He was the centerfielder for three weeks when Blair was hurt, and in that time hit hit five home runs and drove in 16 runs. He was the rightfielder when the aging Robinson required rest and the leftfielder when Buford suffered an occasional cold spell at the plate. He hit safely in 16 pf 17 games between July 26 and Aug. 15 and batted .444. He finished the 1970 season with an average of .322 for 106 games. But he was not a starter in the World Series with Cincinnati until the fifth game.

"I told him," said Weaver, "that I felt rotten about not getting him into the Series earlier. You know what he said? He said, 'Don't play me as a favor, Earl. Do what you think you should.' He's that kind of guy." Of course he is.

When Weaver finally played him in that fifth game, Rettenmund responded to the generosity with two hits, two RBIs and a home run off Cincinnati Pitcher Tony Cloninger that he still considers to be the longest he has ever hit.

He is also that kind of guy.

Then came the 1971 season, and Weaver actually needed his four outfielders. Powell first slumped, then got hurt, calamities that necessitated the shift of Robinson to first base for some of the schedule. Then Buford, enjoying a fine season along with everyone else in the outfield, pulled a groin muscle. And even the seemingly indefatigable Blair grew weary on occasion. So through accident, injury and fatigue, Rettenmund became a regular. Somehow, Weaver contrived to get more than 100 games out of each of his outfielders, but Rettenmund was the busiest among them. Playing a full season for once, he quite naturally led the Orioles in hitting and as the season ended he ranked third among all American League batters.

"He is our most consistent hitter," says the grateful Weaver. "His enthusiasm alone will eventually make him a great hitter. He is not afraid to work at his job."

Of course he isn't. He is that kind of guy.

Rettenmund is a player who is best appreciated by those who play with him and by those who must oppose him. "He does everything well," says New York Yankee Manager Ralph Houk. "To me, he is one of the better ballplayers in our league."

"He is," says teammate Johnson, "our answer to Roberto Clemente. He just doesn't hit the ball to right field when he has to, he drives it."

Still, Rettenmund is not satisfied. Bouncing along in the team bus last week, he discussed his hitting as if it were somebody else's. Self-deprecation amuses him, and the collegiate blue eyes open wide as he describes the Lardnerian oaf he sometimes sees himself to be.

"I move the head of the bat before a pitch. It's a bad habit. The bat should be ready. But I can't stop myself. If I thought about it, the count would be 0 and 2 before I realized where I was. Anyway, I don't have what you might call a picture swing. I usually end up hitting myself in the back with the bat. I can't stop that, either.

"Also, I'm hitting down on the ball. I can't get anything up in the air. That's another bad habit. Too much top hand. Oh, and I can't hit the offspeed pitchers. Take Wilbur Wood of Chicago. He throws the ball and I hit it back to him. And that's all there is to it. When Stu Miller was pitching for us, I couldn't even hit him in batting practice. I never used the middle of the bat on him. And when he threw one of his so-called fast balls, it looked 120 miles an hour to me. With Hoyt Wilhelm, I might as well not bring a bat with me. I hate having people laugh at me, but those guys do make you look funny up there."

Rettenmund frankly is awed by stronger and more graceful hitters. His open admiration for teammates like Frank Robinson and Powell is almost schoolboyish. "Strength in the hands and the forearms is the most important thing for a hitter," he says. "It's a great advantage being as strong as Boog or, say, Frank Howard. For one thing, the opposition has to play them so deep a lot of balls that might be caught off me drop in for them."

Rettenmund glanced around him on the bus, delighted apparently to be in the company of so many good fellows. Team buses bring out the adolescent in baseball players. A passing pretty girl will attract howls of boyish anguish and no one speaks in a voice beneath a shout. Rettenmund talks quietly, but he is happy. He is living in the best of all possible worlds.

"You can't be unhappy on this team," he says. "We get along. You read about something like what happened in Boston—teammates accusing each other of this and that—and you find it hard to believe. Earl calls the shots here and Frank [Robinson] makes sure there are no complaints. You can talk to Frank about anything. He's just good to have around. And Earl . . . well, sometimes I can't figure him out, but most of the moves he makes work. He's right so often it's amazing."

Unless Weaver can amaze them with a new four-man outfield, it is just possible one of Baltimore's four starters may be traded after the season. It could be Rettenmund. He wouldn't like that, but he has had a taste of the action now and he wants to play. Anywhere. But these are for him ugly thoughts. He much prefers

continued



Sometimes it's more elegant not to use an elegant decanter.

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Rettenmund's wife joins him on the shorter road trips. His father watches him play in any city near Detroit. And he is never far from a telephone.

"My father thinks I should be batting .400, not .300. He'll call and ask me what I did that night. I'll say, 'Dad, I got 1 for 4 off Sam McDowell.' He'll say, 'Only 1 for 4? Why, he's a lefthander. You should do better than that.' He'll never understand that when I go 1 for 4 off Sam McDowell, I've had a big night."

Rettenmund's loyalties go beyond the Orioles. After the World Series last year he and Susan drove directly to Ball State for the school's homecoming game, and it surprised no one that he found time for a kind and generous act there.

"When he arrived," Coach Louthen recalls, "I asked him if he'd take time to see an oldtime catcher who couldn't make it to the game because of a bad heart. Bob Barnet, the sports editor of *The Muncie Star*, had asked me to ask Mervin if he'd visit the man, Bucky Crouse, who used to catch for the White Sox. Mervin said sure. As soon as the game was over, we got a campus police car to take Mervin to Bucky's house, and he spent an hour there reminiscing with Bucky. Mervin had a million people to see and a million places to go, but he took time to see one old man. It was great."

Great, of course, for the man's capacity for homely virtue seems infinite. He is too good to be true. Furthermore, as all good guys are supposed to and seldom do, he comes through.

Weaver benched Rettenmund for two games last week because he had been in what for him was a slump. That is to say, he was not getting his two hits every day. Rettenmund, naturally, agreed with his manager that he should sit down until the slump was exorcised.

He was reinstated in the starting lineup in time for a doubleheader with Cleveland. And in those two games Merv Rettenmund got six hits, three of them doubles. He scored two runs and batted in five and raised his average to .319.

That was the day Baltimore clinched the championship of the American League's Eastern Division.

". . . defiant, as if aware that this year the hopes of the college rested on him. . ." **END**





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THE MAGIC NUMBER IS SIXKILLER

Washington Quarterback Sonny Sixkiller is a Cherokee, but his passing arm, not his heritage, has made him a hero ***by ROY BLOUNT JR.***

Mark it down that Alex L. Sixkiller, the junior quarterback sensation at the University of Washington, has not filled TCU, Purdue and UC Santa Barbara full of arrows this year. He has helped his team defeat those colleges with his passing. It may be disappointing to think of a full-blooded Cherokee and the hero of a hot-selling record entitled *Ballad of Sonny Sixkiller* as just another Husky, but consider the implications.

Drawing parallels between different ethnic groups is tricky, but say your name is Rosenbloom and your great-grandfather was a rabbi. You grew up, however, as a thoroughly assimilated third-generation Baptist in a small, predominantly Wasp mill town in Oregon. You went off to Seattle on a football scholarship, became an overnight star, and all of a sudden fans were yelling "Oy-oyoyoy" at you jocularly and the newspapers were saying: "The Bruins thought they had a final solution to the Rosenbloom problem yesterday afternoon, but it was proven once again that a smart Jewish quarterback can get you out of anything." The headlines were inspired, "There's a Rose in Bloom at Washington," and subheads just as blithe, "Rosenbloom Crucifies Oregon."

You presumably would react the way Sonny Sixkiller (*see cover*) reacted last year when, as a sophomore, he led the nation in passing and kept reading about how he was making heap good medicine and scalping and massacring people all up and down the Pacific Coast.

"I was dumfounded," says Sixkiller, shaking his head. "One guy asked if people gave me any trouble over my name—like I'm supposed to get mad and stab 'em in the back or set a trap for 'em. Jeez."

American Indian history, when you think about it, is not a great mine of sure-fire yoks and sprightly references, especially from the point of view of the Indians. So Sixkiller felt that his being described in print as "the most celebrated redskin since Crazy Horse" was tasteless and demonstrably reactionary. Once, questioned was there much folklore practiced at his house, he replied, "Well, we didn't sit around weaving baskets.

"If I'd been a black quarterback people wouldn't have been writing that kind of stuff," he says. "The blacks wouldn't have let them get away with it. Or even if I'd been a Chinese quarterback." But Sixkiller's bemusement over his image was heightened by the fact that he had never seriously thought of himself as an Indian, even a modern one.

Sixkiller certainly looks Indian. He is as bronze, raven-haired and strong-featured as you would expect the great-grandson of a Cherokee chieftain to look. He sounds like you would expect any with-it middle-class West Coast collegian to sound. His grandfather was a Baptist minister and his parents never lived on a reservation. They did once see a reservation. When Sonny was one the family moved from Tahlequah, Okla. to Ashland, Ore., and Stella Sixkiller, Sonny's mother, suggested that they stop by a reservation on the way, because she was curious to see what one looked like. She was disappointed by the absence of wigwams.

Ashland is a town of 12,280, where Sonny's father Alex is a millhand and Mrs. Sixkiller is a maid in a college dormitory. Sonny grew up as a popular all-round athlete who danced to rock combos, drank Cokes and occasional surreptitious beers, and scarcely saw any Indians outside his family. When he was a little kid playing cowboys and Indians, he says, "It was really strange. I mean, I was a cowboy sometimes. You got to switch off. That's how far away I was from the real thing—I didn't think I was an Indian then. I just thought I was a . . . little person."

Sixkiller also says that before last year nobody ever made much of his last name. He does not know the derivation of it, and he only knows of his great-grandfather's being a chief because "that's what my mother told me. I don't even ask her about it. I just let her go along." The name is evocative enough to make the most scrupulous sportswriter's mouth water. The Huskies have a hard-working linebacker named Rich Sweatt (pronounced "Sweet," but that could be overlooked), a 5' 9¼" defensive back named Steve Wee, a bomb-catching receiver named Jim (Blitz) Krieg and a solid, troublesome defensive end named Kurt Matter. But none of these is a name on the order of Sixkiller. It is easy to fault the writer who declared last year, without the slightest basis in fact, that Sonny's surname was "handed down to him by his father—a father who had accomplished the unusual feat of killing six bison and therefore won the name the family carries." But considering the broad strain of mortal imagery running through standard football rhetoric, it is hard to deny the aptness, or at least the inevitability, of another writer's phrase that "Sixkiller's arm is as deadly as his name."

Another powerful inducement for fans and scribes to go wild over Sixkiller is his style of play. He is a fine-looking natural athlete who whistles the ball and moves fluidly. He is not fast or much of a runner (minus 35 yards on the ground last year), but he scrambles and does

wild things. His passes tend to be either 15-yard lasers into someone's stomach or lofted 25-yarders that just clear two defenders' hands to hit a receiver in full stride down the sidelines. After he matched, or perhaps outdid, the passing of Heisman Trophy winner Jim Plunkett in Washington's 29–22 loss to Stanford last year, Stanford Coach John Ralston said, "We've faced some fine quarterbacks this season but none of them presented as many defensive problems as Sixkiller. After studying the films of him in action, our coaching staff agreed they have never seen a passer as loose as this kid. He free-lances all over the field and you never know what he's going to do next. And talk about your gunners, I can't recall anyone who unloads the ball as fast and as often as Sixkiller. Oregon State intercepted six of his passes but that didn't discourage him. He just kept on pitching until he beat them." He very nearly beat Stanford as well, throwing for one touchdown at the end of a 77-yard drive and later running nine yards for another and passing for a two-point conversion on two straight busted plays to put Washington temporarily ahead, 22–21. All that on national television and with the flu, which kept him out of the early part of the game.



Sixkiller has been known to complain that people give so much attention to his name and race that there is an implication he was handed the job of starting quarterback for publicity reasons. Any such inference is probably due to oversensitivity on Sixkiller's part but, until Washington's spring game his freshman year, such extraneous considerations did appear to be his greatest claim to fame.

Sixkiller was an all-state quarterback at Ashland (as well as an all-conference basketball guard and baseball pitcher), but he was also only 5′ 10″ and 155 pounds, and he was not sought too eagerly by colleges. Nor was he particularly impressive playing for the Huskies' freshman team. This was before Washington opened up into a pro-style offense. "We used the Y formation then," Sixkiller has observed, "and it stunk." In spring practice that year he was considered to be running behind three other quarterbacks for the varsity job. Even with one of these playing baseball and another injured, Sixkiller figured behind classmate Greg Collins going into the spring game. But Collins broke a collarbone in the first quarter, so Sixkiller gave Seattle fans their first look at No. 6. He completed 24 of 50 passes for 389 yards, and Collins is still trying to catch up.

In the '70 season opener, Sixkiller introduced himself to the nation as a whole by completing 16 of 35 for 277 yards and three touchdowns as the Huskies upset Michigan State 42–16. It was his

continued

WHEN No. 6 has the ball he is sure to deliver it somewhere; probably 40 yards downfield.



SONNY GETS CLIPPED, LEGALLY, AND . . .

first varsity game, and the AP named him national back of the week. He went on to exceed most of Plunkett's sophomore figures and to throw the ball more often than Plunkett did in any season, completing 186 of 362 passes for 15 touchdowns and 2,303 yards. His average of 18.6 completions per game made him the nation's leading passer. Against Oregon State he completed 30 of 50 for 360 yards. Washington won 29–20. Against heavily favored USC he threw 57 times, completed 30 for 341 yards and a touchdown and was moving the Huskies toward another score when he threw one of his 22 interceptions for the year, thus allowing USC to escape with a 28–25 win. Against moderately favored UCLA he hit 18 of 35 for 277 yards and three touchdowns before giving way to Collins. The final score of that one was 61–20, Huskies.

And so it was that Washington's record improved from 1-9 and seventh place in the Pacific Eight Conference to 6-4 and a tie for second. This pleased Head Coach Jim Owens, whose job was not the most secure in town. He had fought down, barely, two separate black-athlete revolts against his authority. He had his detractors, and what his supporters needed in turn was something better than a 1-9 record. What they got was the Huskies' sudden conversion from a hang-on-to-the-football-for-four-good-honest-yards-at-a-clip offense to Sixkiller throwing 50 times a game, usually long, on goodness knows what down, from his own two-yard line into crowds of sprinting folks.

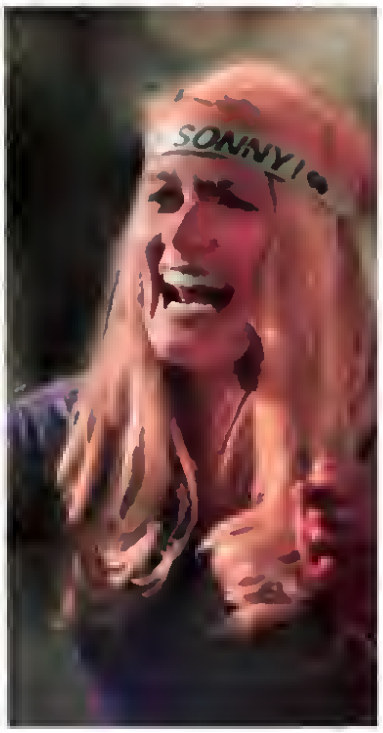
A large, folksy Oklahoman who traditionally says "Wooooo-*wee*" after exciting games and incidentally claims some Comanche blood himself and some Cherokee for his wife, Owens played All-America end for Jim Tatum and Bud Wilkinson and coached for six years under Bear Bryant before coming to Washington in 1957. He became a folk hero in Seattle by leading the Huskies to Rose Bowl victories in 1959 and 1960, but from 1965 to 1969 his teams were 20-28-2 and his offenses were lagging far behind the times. Krieg, a senior and Sixkiller's leading receiver, says he was recruited on the pledge that Washington would start going to the air more, and Owens says he had resolved to open up his attack when Sixkiller was still a largely unblossomed freshman.

Owens also says that he never thought he would see his own quarterback throwing the ball 57 times in a game, but such a phenomenon is a tribute to Owens' new tactical flexibility as well as to Sixkiller's arm and audacity. For all Sixkiller's deserved reputation for improvisation, it remains a fact that Owens calls virtually every play from the sidelines, although Sixkiller has the option of checking off at the line of scrimmage. Owens and his assistants have also devised an attack that fits Sixkiller's talents admirably. On any passing play Sonny has three or four receivers to choose from, depending on how the defense develops. And the corps of receivers Owens has assembled, which includes Krieg and junior-college transfers Tom Scott, Dennis Brimhall and Scott Loomis, is a good one. Furthermore, Sixkiller has enjoyed excellent protection, though it was better last year perhaps, with an all-senior offensive line, than this season.

So it is not all false or even true modesty that causes this son of a son of a chief to persist in talking about teamwork, in signing autographs with the preface "Good Luck from All the Huskies," and in going to some lengths to dodge personal publicity. The athletic department, no doubt aware that he is a hot enough property without being pushed, tends to underplay Sixkiller, the coaches holding back their superlatives and the publicity department shrugging when he fails to show up for interviews. The assessment of the Washington quarterback situation carried in the official Husky football guide says, "Sonny Sixkiller and Greg Collins, both juniors, are probably the best one-two quarterbacking combination in college football, in either order."

Sixkiller says, "I get tired of people coming up to me in restaurants and saying 'Aren't you . . . ?' Just that, 'Aren't you . . . ?' I feel stupid saying 'Yes, I am.' Sometimes I say 'No.' " But he is. He's the man, the odds-on choice for All-America quarterback this year, the inspiration of "6-Killer" T shirts sold in the university bookstore, the recipient of 10 fan letters a day, including regular notes from a girl who says she has 31 pictures of him and signs herself "Cheryl, your paleface friend." One let-

. . . A LONG-HAIRED FAN ROOTS HIM ON



ter was delivered to him with nothing on the front but a drawing of the sun and a 6.

"You have to be flattered by it all," he says, "but the people I know, I want them to consider me—well, me. Not the ballplayer. I don't mind meeting new people. But I like to go to a place where it's private." One such place is the house he lives in with two other players a mile off campus, to which all interviewers have been denied access. Sixkiller belonged to a fraternity, Theta Chi, for a while, "and I liked some of the guys in it," he says. "But *some* of them. . . . And I didn't like the brotherly bit, or people telling me what to do."

This year Owens declared that living in the UW shell house, which even the players have come to call the "ape house," was voluntary. Sixkiller had already made known his strong distinclination to live there. He wears his straight black hair long, out the back of his helmet, and he says of the current Huskies, "We're not 'mad dogs' like they were six years ago. You know what I mean, crew cuts, blue blazers and all that. I want to do what I want, to live the way I want."

Exactly what Sixkiller wants to do off the field is still an open question, but on the field he knows what he is up to. "I always knew I would start, I knew I'd do good, and I knew we would win," he says, with what appears to be unaffected confidence. Now he wants to go to the Rose Bowl. And go again the year after. After that he would like to play pro ball, but there is the question of his size. Since high school he has grown over 30 pounds and almost two inches, to 188 and "around six feet," and he certainly has a pro-caliber arm and a good release. "It's not as quick a release as Namath's," says Owens, "but it's a strong release. His ball doesn't spend much time in the air." Still, very few starting pro quarterbacks are as short as 6'. Sixkiller had a pass tipped by a rushing lineman and intereepted against Purdue this year, and last year he caught one of his own passes after it was hit by a rusher.

Twenty-five calls a week have been coming in to the UW athletic office, wanting Sixkiller to do everything from endorse Arrow shirts to pose throwing a pass on a bicycle, but only a few pro scouts have asked for tickets to Washington home games so far this year. If he turns out to be another Gary Behan as a pro prospect, Sixkiller would probably turn to business. He has not decided whether he will major in business or sociology.

One thing Sixkiller is working on now is finding out more about what it means to be an Indian. He has not read much on the subject, but has bought a book entitled "New Indians." (Last year the Seattle Puhlic Library inquired of the UW sports information office what books Sonny had read as a child. Since Sonny couldn't remember, he and the sports information director dreamed up a few titles, which eventually ended up on the library's suggested summer-reading list as volumes recommended by well-known personages.) Out of both a lack of time and a desire not to get political at this point in life, he has turned down all of a flock of invitations to get involved in Indian projects, except that he agreed to serve as honorary chairman of the Save Ernie Crowfeather Drive, a fund-raising campaign to buy a kidney machine for a Seattle Indian.

Along with the rest of the non-black Huskies, Sixkiller expressed disapproval last year when five black players quit the team, charging racism. He went along to observe two springs ago when demonstrations were held on campus following the invasion of Cambodia, and says "the police went wild, beating up girls." On their way back to their car from the disturbances, he and two friends were attacked by several club-wielding vigilantes, and Sixkiller absorbed a hlow to the back, but it did not politicize him.

The Washington freshman coach, Marv Weetman, says Sixkiller "gives the outward indication of calm, but inside he's a jangle of nerves." He is improving, though. "He certainly is more of a leader this year than last," says Owens. "Last year, when he stepped into the huddle he had nine seniors. I don't care if you are the quarterback, you don't always feel you're the leader." Against Purdue this year, after passing badly in the first half, Sixkiller rallied himself and the team spectacularly, leading the way to a seesaw 38–35 win with 387 yards in the air and two touchdown passes to Scott, one of these a 33-yard completion for the winning score with just over two minutes to go. And in Washington's 44–26 win over TCU last week he kept on producing the big play. In the first quarter, throwing off balance with Frogs pouring in over the rain-soaked AstroTurf, he somehow got enough on the hall to hit Krieg for a 56-yard touchdown. He followed that up with a 48-yard scoring pass to Scott and a 51-yard clothesline to Scott that set up a third touchdown. Not had for a jangle of nerves.

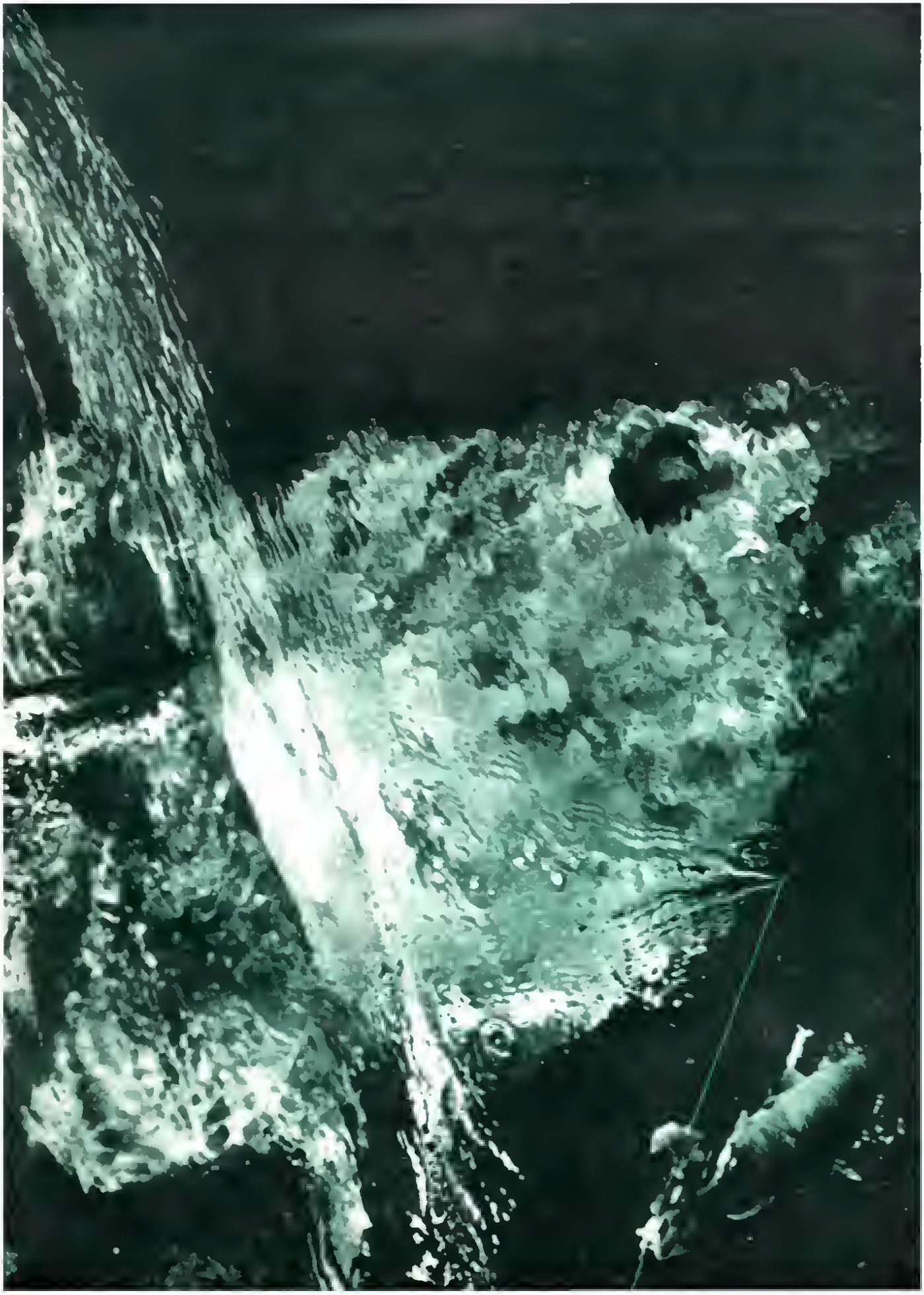
"I'm a shy person," says Sixkiller. As a freshman, he says, he found it hard to approach teammates to initiate friendships. But the quarterback he most admires is Namath: "I like his release, and I like the way he takes things—cool." There has never been a famous Indian athlete who strutted his stuff like a Namath, Jack Johnson or Lee Trevino. Jim Thorpe was misused and lived out his days embittered. Louis Sockalexis, whom John McGraw described as the greatest hallplayer ever and who actually inspired the character of Frank Merriwell, became a hopeless drunkard while in the major leagues and lasted for only three years. Chief Bender of the old Philadelphia Athletics was mild-mannered, contenting himself with yelling "foreigners" at the fans who whooped at him. Indian Jack Jacobs, a fine passing tailback for Oklahoma in the '40s, is not widely remembered. Young Andy Sixkiller (Young is his given first name, but he goes by Andy), Sonny's cousin, attained some celebrity as an honorable mention All-America defensive back at the University of Miami in 1964-65. Lack of size and an ankle injury kept him out of pro ball, and now he is a fireman in Miami.

Sonny Sixkiller may not measure up for the pros either, but if his career lasts long enough for him to get himself together and straighten out the media, he just might start showing the nation a little something in the way of Cherokee brass.

"Sometimes people seem to prejudge me," Sixkiller says. "They think, 'If he's a guy getting all this publicity, he's gotta be cocky.' But I can't see being like that.

"When we go to the Rose Bowl," he says after skipping a beat, "then I'll consider it." **END**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB PETERSON



AN UPTIGHT LITTLE ISLAND

For years the lobstermen of Prince Edward thought their waters were filled with sharks. Then one of them sent for a book, discovered that those surfacing wraiths were tuna—and angling had a new Mecca

by ***DAN LEVIN***

Fall in the North Atlantic, the currents of life quicken. Great birds grow restless and suddenly are gone. Sensing change, shoals of fishes gorge themselves on smaller ones. And though ecologists still cry doom, with cause, the strangest things are happening—the weakfish have returned to Long Island, at Nantucket the bluefish are bigger than ever, and, most stirring of all to anglers, off Prince Edward Island, Canada's smallest province, the largest bluefin tuna ever seen are being caught.

Last fall a giant bluefin weighing 1,040 pounds was taken there, the first half-ton tuna ever on a rod. And so were 10 others weighing more than 900 pounds—more bluefin that size than had been caught in all the annals of the sport. Then, just south of Prince Edward, with winter closing in, a fish of 1,065 pounds was landed off Nova Scotia; it had just left Prince Edward, the natives said, and scientists were inclined to agree. So it hardly comes as a surprise that last month the man who caught that fish, Glen Gibson of River Bourgeois, Nova Scotia, tied his boat to a Prince Edward dock, or that a 941-pounder has been taken, this one by Albert van der Reit, a South African who has a lifetime bluefin catch of 77 fish. All the world's big tuna men are on Prince Edward Island now, gathered in body or in spirit on this brand-new paradise.

There are other tuna ports, of course, legendary ones such as Wedgeport, Nova Scotia, for 25 years synonymous with tuna angling, until the quarry vanished; Bimini, where the tuna have come north each spring for decades; Point Judith, R.I.; Provincetown on Cape Cod; and, more recently, Conception Bay and Notre Dame Bay, Newfoundland. But they are forgotten now by the big-time tuna fishermen, all but forsaken for Prince Edward Island, where only five years ago tuna was something the natives bought in little round cans at the North Lake grocery store.

For centuries the only large fish around the island were sharks, huge ones, or so the lobstermen claimed. "There's no point learning to swim," they'd say. "If I fell over, how far would I get?" And then in 1967 a Nova Scotian, Bruce Oland, came up and landed an 855-pound tuna, the first bluefin ever taken in the province on rod and reel. The next year a few local lobstermen went out, and with very little knowledge got 14 more, two of 930 pounds and one of 960, the three largest tuna taken anywhere in the world that year. The fall of 1969 produced 31 tuna, one of 970 pounds, a mere seven pounds under the world record that had stood for 19 years. In 1970 there were 99 tuna caught off Prince Edward, including the 1,040-pounder, and nearly all were landed from half a dozen old lobster boats fishing two or three miles out of one small harbor, North Lake.

For tuna anglers the whole thing appears to be an agreeable accident of nature. Prince Edward Island lies in the shallow Gulf of St. Lawrence. It is above the crags of Nova Scotia and only 160 miles southwest of Newfoundland, where summer is a brief interval between icebergs and icebergs and swimming is a sport for seals. But the island belongs somewhere else. In summer the gulf is as warm as the waters off Atlantic City. Vacationers from Maine have been known to drive 250 miles north for the first comfortable swim of their lives.

What brings the world's largest tuna to Prince Edward? Only one man has seriously studied the question—James S. Beckett, an ichthyologist with the Fisheries Research Board of Canada. "The St. Lawrence is a gigantic nutrient pump," Beckett explains. "In coastal waters each spring there is a burst of phytoplankton. The plankton depends on mineral salts for growth, but in most areas these are depleted in a few weeks and the plankton growth is reduced. In the Gulf of St. Lawrence, though, the warm river water is especially fertile. The river also creates a season-long upwelling of deep, mineral-rich water in the gulf. The level of phytoplankton produced is maintained, providing continuous forage for the larger zooplankton and on up through shrimp and young herring and mackerel, the bluefin's favorite food in the area. And, of course, the distribution of large predators is dependent on the food supply." Research indicates that the Gulf of St. Lawrence around Prince Edward Island is the biggest mackerel spawning area in the western North Atlantic, and there is very little commercial pressure on the mackerel. "Underharvested" is the word Canadian authorities use. The tuna have come to harvest.

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROY DeCARAVA

No scientist has studied the island itself, however. Prince Edward is often called "the Million-Acre Farm," and from the air it resembles a vast gently rolling, multicolored quilt: neat rectangles and squares of mustard yellows, deep and pale greens—potatoes, hay, oats, wheat and barley—and the brick red of the fertile soil. If the St. Lawrence River's fertility is important, then Prince Edward's many rivers must also be a factor, considering the land they drain and all the nutrients they wash to sea. Probably this explains why first the mackerel and then the tuna have come so close to shore.

But none of this accounts for where the tuna were until 1967, a mystery whose solution may be credited to a burly, 52-year-old former commercial fisherman named Wesley Fraser. Fraser had fished out of North Lake all his life for lobster, cod and mackerel, despite the sharks, whose dorsal fins dotted local waters from July until early winter. Fraser is a bright, engaging, vital man, but like most islanders he never paid too much attention to what went on anywhere else. Life was exciting enough at home. At times it was a challenge just to row across North Lake, a big tidal pond connected to the ocean by a dredged, quarter-mile channel where the tuna boats now dock. One Sunday afternoon in 1939 Fraser was out in his skiff when he saw "a huge shark, right in the lake. The damned thing came up under the boat, knocked the oars from my hands and near capsized me. It was the closest I ever came to drowning.

"A week later we set a mackerel trap and caught it. I'd never seen one that close, but it certainly looked like a shark to me. It had that big fin, you know. It was exactly 11 feet long and it weighed a thousand pounds."

Soon afterward another one came into the lake. Fraser was digging clams on a nearby flat when he saw the fish stranded with the falling tide. So he ran home and told a friend, who came back with a .22 rifle and shot it. Something kept bothering Fraser, though. He wanted to know if this was the same kind of shark he had been seeing all his life. As he wondered, a dozen years went by—who could answer such a question?—but in 1952 he "wrote an uncle of mine up to New Haven, Conn. and he got me a book from the library that had information as to what the different kinds of fish looked like." The book came, Fraser studied it and—confusion—the pictures of sharks did not look like the sharks he had grown up with at all. But other pictures did, pictures of tuna. Finally he returned the book to New Haven, where his cousin paid a 23¢ overdue fine. Fraser was convinced his "sharks" were bluefin tuna. The next step was to catch them.

"I'd heard fantastic stories about expensive equipment," says Fraser, "so I just didn't do anything." No one else on the island had done any research comparable to Fraser's, and for the next decade "Fraser's tuna" was one of the more popular Prince Edward folk stories. "I knew what they were," he says, "but I didn't know how to convince the world."

During this time Fraser kept telling fellow islanders that "tuna fishing could really build up our tourist business." Wedgeport was tuna capital of the world then, everyone knew that. And in the early '60s, when the Wedgeport fishing went bad, people started listening to Fraser. At last, in August of 1966, the Prince Edward Island Travel Bureau sent a fishing boat up to North Lake with tackle and a skipper. On the first day, less than a mile out, they hooked and lost a big fish. The act was repeated time and again until the season ended, strike, hookup, lost fish. But the next summer brought the 855-pounder—and the real start of Prince Edward Island tuna fishing.

continued



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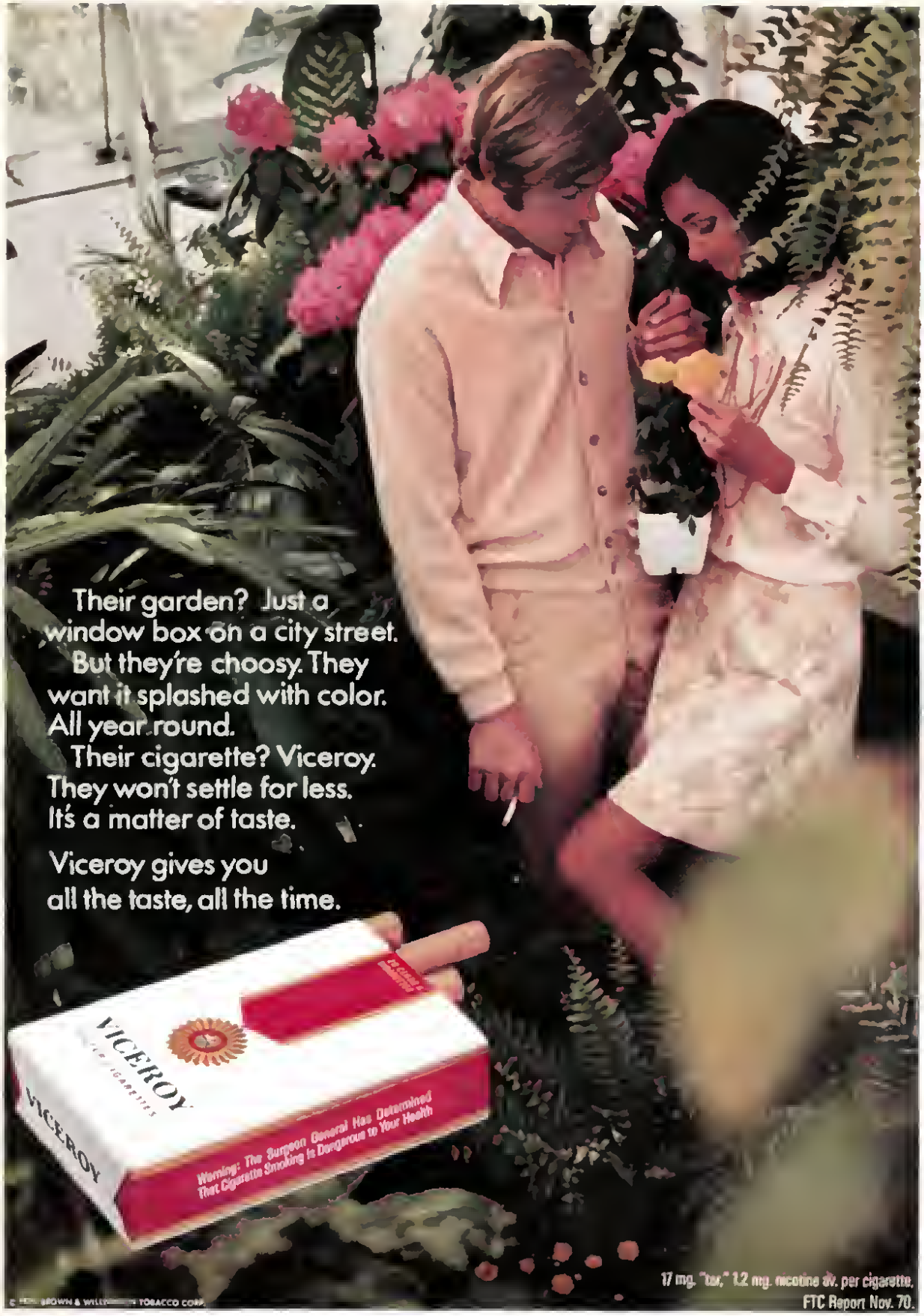
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In July of 1968 the provincial government hired a veteran Nova Scotia guide named Aubrey Purcell to conduct a free 10-day course for anyone who wanted to be a tuna guide. Wes Fraser took it, as did four other commercial fishermen, but that was all. People move slowly on Prince Edward Island; only five lobster boats fished tuna from North Lake in 1968, catching 14 more bluefin including the 960-pounder and the two 930s, one of the latter by a client of Fraser's. He hooked up at 5:50 one evening and Fraser gaffed the fish at 11:30 the next morning, a fight of 17 hours and 40 minutes. "We were still a little green," Fraser says now. "We were afraid to tighten up on the drags."

Another islander to take the course was lobsterman Derrell Collings, now at 42 a lean, quiet man with deep creases fanning out from his eyes. The legal lobstering season is only two months long, so all his life Collings had dragged for scallops and dug for clams, tough winter work that ages a man. "Fishing is a job that gets you, though," he'd always say. "You always feel you'll have a good year, and there's no one to boss you." Tuna fishing would be like that, he thought, and it would also be something new. That was appealing. So Collings went to a mechanic and for $200 had a fighting chair made. No fancy chrome, just red-painted steel with a cushion and the bottom of a barber chair bolted to the floor of his old boat.

One morning in August 1970 Collings took out two New Jersey anglers, and a tuna struck at one p.m. It was on for two hours before they saw it—the only time they would—but the tuna saw them, too, and took a dive in 90 feet of water. Unlike Wes Fraser earlier, Collings urged the angler to tighten the reel drag, but the client was afraid the line would break and he refused. Six hours later, at nine p.m., Collings had to take over the rod, at two a.m., exhausted, he stuck it in the gimbal and roped it to the chair. The tuna had been pulling the boat steadily for 13 hours and, Collings admits, "I didn't know where we were." The rod had started splintering, the cork grip was peeling away and for three hours one of his clients had been begging him to cut off and head back. Finally, at three a.m., the line snapped. Looking out over the water, Collings recognized the flashes of the Cape George, Nova Scotia lighthouse, the tuna had towed

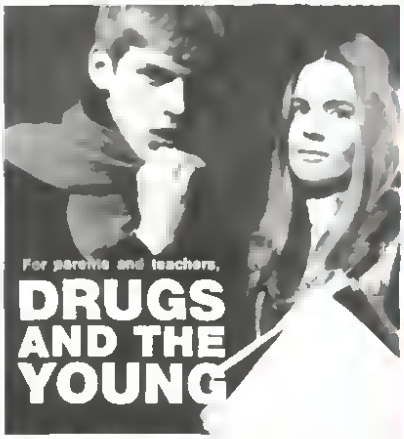
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them 40 miles. With the fuel low they could not chance heading back to port, so Collings waited until daybreak, landed on a Nova Scotia beach and hiked up the road to a gas station. It was 2:30 p.m. when they finally tied up at North Lake after a 25½-hour odyssey. Collings says, "Judging from the size of its tail, that tuna would have weighed 1,200 pounds. But then I've seen fish jump out of the water here—completely out—that would go 1,500."

The world record stood at 977 pounds then. On Sept. 8 a 980-pounder was brought into North Lake, but that was nine days after a 985-pounder was caught by Dr. Richard Hausknecht off Montauk, N.Y. Two weeks later a Derrell



FRASER SOLVED THE SHARK MYSTERY

Collings client, Mel Immergut from Brooklyn, N.Y., hooked the 1,040-pounder and brought it to gaff in 38 minutes. Collings had learned a great deal about boat handling by then, and Immergut was fishing a very tight drag, on the theory that if a giant tuna is not boated in an hour the odds switch away from the fisherman, hooks can pull out, lines can fray, or at Prince Edward Island the fish might break off on one of the many trawl or lobster traplines in the shallow gulf waters. The angler's attitude is kill him before he kills you, and the intense pressure takes its toll at both ends of the line. Three days earlier Prince Edward Island's attorney general, Elmer Blanchard, lost a very large tuna after a 45-minute fight, stood up, collapsed and died. He was 43 years old and had never been seriously ill.

The last tuna of 1970 was brought into North Lake on Oct. 10. The fish did not disappear after that, but the winds began blowing from the north, making it impossible to get over the shallow bar at the harbor mouth. Two weeks before Christmas, Wes Fraser drove his truck to the bluff near North Lake. He stood on the roof with binoculars, and a quarter of a mile out in the gulf, he saw a school of tuna swimming in circles as if wondering where to go next.

The sandbar outside North Lake is still there, and it seems a ridiculously small obstacle for the most successful tuna fleet in history, but Prince Edward is a land of obstacles. North Lake must be the least pretentious big-game fishing center on Earth. A jumble of gray shacks cluster along the channel, homes for lobstermen and tuna fishermen in season. The year-round population is 90. A small restaurant sits on the bluff just west of the harbor, and while the clam chowder would never draw raves from Julia Child, at least it *is* clam chowder—and the only show in town. As for living accommodations, one goes elsewhere. Since the tuna do not arrive until mid-July and by mid-October the boats are stuck behind the sandbar, the motel business would be too seasonal to pay. The nearest place to sleep is a six-unit motel eight miles away, but so far most tuna anglers have stayed 40 miles south at one of the three motels in Montague and driven to the fishing boats each morning, past bright fields stretching down to the sea, along little dirt roads that lead to lonely, dune-lined beaches. It is easy to forget about the fishing.

Prince Edward Island is shark-shaped, facing east with a wide-open mouth. Montague is at the hinge of its jaws and North Lake is four miles in from East Point, the nose. Until this year all the giant tuna had been caught in one six-mile stretch from East Point to Campbells Cove, just west of North Lake, but the shark is 120 miles long, and there is no reason why there should not be tuna all the way to its tail.

One week this August the mackerel schools disappeared and fishing fell off at North Lake. When the newspaper reported huge commercial mackerel catches at the island's western end, two visiting anglers drove west toward Malpeque, a little town on the largest of a

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dozen or so bays on the island's north side. Someone was reported to be fishing at Malpeque, and at the dock were two boats with fighting chairs. Hanging nearby were two tuna, both well over 800 pounds. "See Bruce Champion," a man said. "He began the fishing here."

Champion, who was aboard his boat, heard his name mentioned and came out of the cabin. Last year he was a 36-year-old potato farmer with a boat he used for weekend mackerel fishing. Then in September, he said, he went tuna fishing for the first time, at North Lake. He hooked a bluefin, lost it, came home, rigged up a fighting chair in his boat, sent away for tuna tackle and waited for the winter to pass. On July 11 he caught a 725-pounder, a week later one of 750. He began taking an occasional paying passenger, and on Aug. 14 one of them brought in an 885-pounder. Since then four fish of over 800 pounds have been landed.

Another Malpeque fisherman is Alphonse Le Blanc, a tuna guide from Wedgeport. The fishing went bad there nine years ago, he said, and he began chartering out of Halifax 130 miles east. But the tuna disappeared there, too, so this August he brought his boat to North Lake, only to find the natives would not let him fish. "I didn't want their charters, I had my own," he said. "But they didn't want no strangers, period. They wouldn't even sell me bait. They said I could stay, but they wouldn't be responsible for what happened to my boat."

Le Blanc had begun fishing at Wedgeport in 1935, and stayed there through its golden era. He pulled out a yellowed appointment book from those early days and opened it to a smudged page. "Can you read these names?" he asked, and one was unmistakable: Franklin D. Roosevelt. But Wedgeport could not compare with Malpeque, he said. "I've never seen such a run of big fish as they've got here. At Wedgeport 50% of our tuna were under 300 pounds. And mackerel? I thought I saw a lot down home, but that was nothing. Those tuna come here to eat."

He began shaking his head, as if searching for something to explain it all. "You know," he finally said, "I suspect there's something different about this Gulf of St. Lawrence." A listener, who had fished at Bimini, nodded in agreement. "For one thing," he said, "there aren't any sharks here." END

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It has been the custom of **Elmer Fisher** to stop by the varsity locker room on his way to classes at Wayne State University in Detroit. To don shoulder pads and cleats? No, to take a free shower, put on a clean suit and rap with the guys a few minutes before going off to his studies. Actually, Elmer has never had time to learn to play football, though he does take a day off every now and then to sit on the bench with the team and watch. Next July, when Elmer is 65 and retires as a janitor at the school, he will take along three baccalaureate degrees—in sculpting, history and mortuary science, and a master's in fine arts. But no athletic letters.

On the other hand, the Better-Late-than-Never Society this week salutes Astronaut **James B. Irwin**, the moon walker, who finally got an E for his letterman's sweater 24 years after graduating from Salt Lake City's East High. Irwin, a member of the school ski club, though he never skied competitively, received his award "for the longest hop, skip and jump, for gathering the most rocks and carrying them the farthest," and for being the most "far-out student in the history of the school."

Now **Pat Nixon** tells us, the only fan letter she ever wrote was to **Louis Norman Newsom**, who, in case you don't recall, was called Bobo and pitched for the Washington Senators, among others, a few times. The First Lady was talking about the Senators—whom she supported "for years"—and recalled her letter to Bobo. "One day I was there and he was thrown out, and I didn't think it was fair," she said. "So, I wrote him a letter." His wife's flight of nostalgia notwithstanding, Mr. Nixon said last week he was switching from the soon-to-be-defunct Senators to the California Angels.



● Here is an umpire watching his waistline. Somewhere is a watchbird named **Fred G. Fleig** watching the umpire watching his waistline. It seems Fleig, the secretary-treasurer of the National League, told Ump **John McSherry** before the season that he could not call 'em like he saw 'em until he lost 50 pounds. McSherry did, weighing in at a less-than-svelte 245 for his rookie year in the major leagues. Now that the season's almost over, John, you better watch out. Watchbirds watch in the winter, too.

Remember **Augie Ratner**, the perfectly healthy ex-featherweight boxer who advertised his own funeral in a Minneapolis paper to see what the attendance would be (SI, Sept. 6)? Well, old Augie got his answer. Hundreds of people from all over the country accepted. **Jack Dempsey** wired, "I'll go to yours if you'll come to mine." But, the most unusual note came from **Johnny (Blood) McNally**, 67, a charter member of the Professional Football Hall of Fame who in his heyday played halfback for the Milwaukee Badgers, Duluth Eskimos, Pottsville Maroons, Green Bay Packers and Pittsburgh Steelers. "I'll be sad when you are dead," wrote Johnny, who proposed a plan to soften the blow. Why didn't they bet on which of them would live longest? "The one who goes first loses a grand to the one who survives. The loser won't miss the money, and it will console the winner for the loss of a friend. May I live a long time and you forever." Augie accepted the proposal, and now he and Blood are having the $1,000 bequest put into their wills.

Evangelist **Billy Graham** is one duffer who tells it like it is. During a recent stop in Dallas to open the new Texas Stadium in nearby Irving, somebody asked Graham if it helps to pray when golfing. "Prayer never seems to work for me on a golf course," said the evangelist. "I think it has something to do with my being a terrible putter."

What do you do if you're a Texas zillionaire and can't buy "a decent bowl of chili in all of New York"? Well, if you're **Clint W. Murchison Jr.** and you happen to own a football team named the Dallas Cowboys, you build a restaurant on 49th Street and Park Avenue, call it right—Dallas Cowboy, and make plans to fly in cauldrons of authentic chili from Texas for the grand opening this month. You also figure on a mess of smoked ribs, tacos and tamale pies and you build yourself "the longest bar in New York" to serve up them real Texas concoctions. Pretty soon you got every Texan in town dreaming he's home on the range. And belching.

Our One-That-Didn't-Get-Away award this week goes to 8-year-old **Stéphane Feugueur** from the French fishing port of Dieppe, on the English Channel. Little Stephane bought a rod and reel in a local toy store, entered—along with 19 other anglers—the professional fishermen's annual tournament and caught 22 of the total of 48 fish that were landed.

◆ It was 35 years since he had to flee his own land before Mussolini's invading army, and so Ethiopia's emperor, **Haile Selassie I**, perhaps had some special counsel for his nation's former marathoner, **Abebe Bikila**, about coming back from defeat. The two met recently in Addis Ababa for the première of a new film, **The Ethiopians**, by U.S. Producer **Bud Greenspan**, which recounts Bikila's Olympic victories in 1960 and 1964 and the auto accident in 1969 that left him paralyzed from the waist down. Reflecting on his Olympic victories, Bikila said, "When I ran, I ran for Ethiopia. When I won, I won for Ethiopia." It was the kind of thing the emperor might have said in 1936.

◆



He's down. He's out. He's back. He wins!

To beat Tennessee, Auburn was relying heavily on its pass-catch combination of Pat Sullivan to Terry Beasley, so when Beasley was kayoed early things looked bad. But out he came again, and with him came Auburn

The opening kickoff was something of an upset: Tennessee kicked to Auburn and Auburn did not fumble the ball. An official almost stepped off 15 yards against Auburn for cheating. Up in the stands, fans turned hastily to their programs to see if they were in the right stadium. You see, Auburn and Tennessee are both awesome against almost any other team but when they play each other it's the Fumble Bowl, old Stonefingers U. against Iron Hands Tech. In one quarter alone last year, they managed to give away the ball nine times. There are some teams that could not foul up that much even if it was part of the game plan. In the last two games against each other, 27 such blunders occurred, an average of a fumble lost or a pass intercepted about every four minutes. For the two defenses, Tennessee-Auburn is not a football game, it's the Alamo. And so the perfection of the opening kickoff return was dazzling. Nine plays later Auburn fumbled, Tennessee recovered and the real game was on.

By halftime, Tennessee, which itself had fumbled away one punt in the second quarter, had collected a pair of field goals from George Hunt and was holding a precarious 6–0 lead. Tennessee used two quarterbacks, neither of whom will be remembered for his passing, and the offense sputtered under the handicap. "We're not confident in our offense yet because it doesn't have a No. 1 quarterback who can come in and do the job," said Bobby Majors, Tennessee's All-America safety who led the nation with 10 interceptions last year. "We kind of worry about that."

But if Tennessee was worried, by halftime Auburn was frantic. Oh, the Tigers have a quarterback, one of the best. Last season, as a junior, Pat Sullivan led the nation in total offense while setting an NCAA record for yards gained (8.57) per play. Hardly a worry there. But on the seventh play against Tennessee, Terry Beasley, Auburn's exciting split end, leaped for a Sullivan pass, was flipped by Majors and came crashing down on his head. "I remember that and I remember coming to in the dressing room," Beasley said. "In between, nothing."

In between, he ran a fly pattern while unconscious and shortly was led to the dressing room. "I knew he was hurt," said Majors. "When he got up his eyes were glazed. And he hung around our defensive huddle for a moment before wandering over to his own side."

Without Beasley, who can run 60 yards in 6.1 seconds, Auburn's attack is something less than explosive. "It isn't so much the passes that he catches as what he does after he catches them," said one pro scout. Last year he caught 52—for 1,051 yards and 11 touchdowns. While Beasley was out of the game, the best Sullivan could manage was two completions in 12 attempts for nine yards. "I think it was the worst half I ever had," he said later. "The ball was just slipping off my hand. I had no control."

Auburn went into halftime with no points, just 88 total yards and six first downs. To the Tigers it seemed like even less. "Can you believe that?" said Wingback Dick Schmalz. "Here we are supposed to have the most powerful offense in the country. And in a half all we get was *two* first downs. You better believe we were pretty shook."

All week Tennessee had said that to win it had to stop Sullivan and Beasley, something it had failed to do the year before. With Sullivan pitching and Beasley catching, Auburn had won 36–23 and may have cost Tennessee, which went on to win its next 10 games, the national championship.

"Obviously, we have to eliminate the long pass like they got last year," said Bill Battle, Tennessee's young coach, on the Thursday before the game in Knoxville. "They do as good a job with the bomb as I've seen. But we still should have beat them last year. We were run-

continued



BALL IN HAND, FEET ON GROUND AND CONSCIOUS, BEASLEY LOOKS FOR DAYLIGHT

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ning the ball real well, knocking their tails out of there. Then all of a sudden I got the idea to start throwing the ball. They intercepted one and that started it. Without that, we could have killed them." He paused, frowning. Then he went on: "I've been thinking about Auburn all year."

Battle did not have to tell the players he was pointing for Auburn. As one, they felt the same. "When you talk about the Auburn-Tennessee game, you're talking about the national title," said Curt Watson, a senior fullback who is just 129 yards from the school's alltime rushing record, an honor that leaves him cold. "Oh, I'll be happy to have the record, but it really isn't a lot of yards [1,888], you know. Beating Auburn is something else. Like I was dating this beautiful girl last night. It was our first date and we're sitting there talking. She was going on about something and I never heard a word she said. Then all of a sudden I said: 'I hope we beat Auburn.' I hope she understood."

Meanwhile, south in Auburn, Alabama, if there was any tension it was only in the backroom of the local Gulf station where students gather to drink beer and swap lies. Out on the practice field, Shug Jordan, who has been sending Auburn teams into battle since 1951, shuffled about, hands joined behind his back, the picture of total unconcern. "I heard Tennessee said they are determined that Sullivan and Beasley aren't going to do it to them," he said with the suspicion of a smile. "Well, there are other ways to beat them: Sullivan to somebody else, for instance. We had 11 different people catch passes in our opening win over Chattanooga. Tennessee won its bowl game easily last year and finished with an enviable record. But all they seem to remember is that one loss to us. Of course, revenge is a pretty strong motive."

Beasley was worrying more about an upper front tooth broken in half against Chattanooga than he was about any double- or triple-team tricks Tennessee might be planning. He had elected not to have the tooth fixed until after the Tennessee game, perhaps not until the end of the season. "The doctor said he'd have to give me Darvon or something," said the chunky redhead. "I said no. You take anything like that, even an aspirin, and it'll slow you down. And nobody ever accused me of being good-looking anyway."

But at halftime the kid with the broken tooth was just waking up and discovering that his team was behind 6–0. And that he had this terrible headache. When he tried to walk, he found out he had injured his left big toe. He didn't know how, just that it was swollen and painful. About then, across the room, Sullivan, as team captain, stood up. "I just want to tell the defense," Sullivan said, "that if they continue to hold them, we'll get the points we need." Beasley stood up, decided his head felt fine and that his toe didn't hurt. With the team, he limped out onto the field.

The second-half kickoff was more like old times. Tennessee fumbled and Auburn's Miles Jones recovered on the Vols' 13. Auburn managed just two yards in three plays. Gardner Jett, the placekicker, came in. He had tried a field goal in the first half but it had been blocked by Linebacker Jackie Walker. Given a second chance when Tennessee was called offside, Jett kicked again, and Walker got a hand on it again. "I don't think he knew how quick I am," Walker said. This time Jett knew. He made the short field goal, cutting Tennessee's lead to 6–3. "He was quicker," said Walker.

Near the end of the third quarter, Auburn fumbled and Tennessee's Ken Lambert recovered near midfield. Tennessee turned that into a 50-yard field goal by Hunt and took a 9–3 lead with less than 15 minutes to play.

Then Sullivan and Beasley started Auburn moving. No more was the ball slipping. It went to Beasley for eight. To Schmalz for 18. To Beasley for 11. When Tennessee's Conrad Graham was red-flagged for pass interference against Beasley, Auburn had the ball at the two. And, of course, it fumbled into the end zone on the first play. Tennessee's Tim Townes recovered for a touchback.

Sparked, Tennessee began to move. In 13 plays the Vols drove to the Auburn 14. Overhead, the rain clouds were gathering. At third and two with a possible touchdown or easy field goal coming up, Tennessee followed the game plan. Fumble. Auburn's Bill Luka fell on the ball with 195 pounds of happy muscle. "We can move now," said Sullivan. "Let's go." So here came the Auburn offense. Zap. To Beasley for six. Tennessee shifted into a prevent defense. "We changed our coverage," said Majors. "And their receivers ran deep posts in between our zone. They hit us in the seams."

Sullivan told Schmalz to run a curl. It started that way, but seeing he was well covered he broke his route, cutting inside. Sullivan hit him with a line drive for 23 yards. Sullivan then called the same play, same pattern. Schmalz broke his route again, cutting inside. Sullivan hit him for 22 yards to the Tennessee 35.

"With Beasley in there," Schmalz said, "all the pressure is on him. A blind man could get open. And that Sullivan is something else. Twice I break my pattern and twice he finds me."

Zap. Zap. Line drives to Beasley and Schmalz picked up 30 yards and Auburn was at the five. Everybody was thinking fumble. Except Sullivan. He handed off to Tailback Harry Unger, who scored. Jett's kick made it 10–9, which was how it ended a few minutes later.

"That Sullivan, he never gives up, never loses his cool," said Beasley, flashing a happy 31½-tooth grin. "He was an All-America out there. And so was Schmalz. And our offensive line. And our defense. Everybody but me. I was lousy."

But across the way, a Tennessee player had a more realistic appraisal. "Damn that Beasley," he muttered. "Why did he have to come to?"

THE WEEK

by JOE JARES

SOUTH

1. AUBURN (2-0)
2. ALABAMA (3-0)
3. GEORGIA (3-0)

Oddsmakers had made Georgia Tech a 20½-point favorite over visiting Army, and one sportswriter-seer predicted Tech would win 34–3. Army Coach Tom Cahill chose to read that clipping to his team before the game. "We had our pride hurt," said Cahill afterward, "and you'd better not catch us when our pride is hurt. That's what happened today, and we played a heck of a game." Cadet sophomore Jim Barclay had

continued

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This 1972 Thunderbird is a very logical, very opulent extension of the legend. See it at your local Ford Dealer's soon. When you order one, you're getting more than a car. You're buying into a legend. Which means we have a lot more to live up to. And you have a lot more car.

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kicked two field goals when, with four minutes left, two 15-yard penalties against Tech put Army within range again. Out trotted Barclay to boot a 40-yarder, the longest of his short career, for a 16–13 victory.

In Tallahassee, Fla., Frank Fontes also kicked three field goals, but his were without benefit of shoes and gave Florida State all the points it needed in a 30–7 thrashing of Kansas. The kicks were from 31, 42 and 47 yards. Just for a little icing, junior Quarterback Gary Huff threw three TD passes before taking the rest of the night off.

Florida players were called "peons" and "aardvarks" by their own fans Friday night during an appearance at a Gainesville movie theater. The name-calling might get more vicious soon, for on Saturday Alabama's Johnny Musso sat out most of the second half yet still scored four touchdowns, tying a school single-game record, as the Tide rolled 38–0. "We got a sound beating from a superior football team," said Florida Coach Doug Dickey.

Duke warmed up for Stanford by trouncing Virginia 28–0, and Coach Mike McGee has more Duke grads talking about him after three games than he did when he was an All-America lineman for the Blue Devils a little more than a decade ago. McGee has stressed attitude and fundamentals and it has paid off so far.

Kentucky fell to Mississippi 34–20, its 19th loss against only five victories since John Ray became coach in 1969. "We Believe" pennants, buttons, bumper stickers and signs have been displayed in the bluegrass country for two years, but the Wildcats' defense would make nonbelievers out of anybody. Rebel Quarterback Kenny Lyons didn't help. He was almost unstoppable on the option play in the first half, when he ran for 64 yards and passed for 100.

Georgia punter Jimmy Shirer set up two touchdowns with his precise kicks as the Bulldogs beat Clemson 28–0 and improved their record to 3-0. Shirer punted to the one and the five, and when Clemson subsequently had to punt from its end zone Georgia got the ball in scoring position.

MIDWEST

1. NOTRE DAME (2-0)
2. NEBRASKA (3-0)
3. MICHIGAN (3-0)

Ohio State Coach Woody Hayes usually refers to nonconference games as "exhibitions," but the visit from Colorado was different, not only because the Buffaloes had previously whipped LSU and Wyoming but because the Big Eight had won 17 straight victories over Big Ten teams. Growled Woody, "The Big Eight has been rubbing our noses in it." Before the usual packed stadium in Columbus, Hayes put on quite a show, especially when he hurled his baseball cap to the ground, jumped up and down on it and then, to further vent his rage, fell on it—all this to protest a referee's call. But Colorado put on an even better show, twice making successful stands inside its five-yard line and displaying an excellent triple-option offense as it upset the Buckeyes 20–14.

The play that hurt the most was a 68-yard punt return for a touchdown by senior Cliff Branch, the sixth time in two seasons the sprinter from Houston has gone the distance with a kick. Colorado Quarterback Ken Johnson clinched the game with a 39-yard bolt up the middle. Hayes' eruption came when he thought Colorado should have been *called* for pass interference in the end zone (Ohio State was trailing 13–0 at the time), but he staged a couple of more hat dances before the final gun as Quarterback Don Lamka almost brought the Buckeyes back. Despite suffering a separation in his left shoulder on OSU's first scrimmage play, Lamka hit 20 of 33 passes for 255 yards and a touchdown.

"Fight Ara Pollution," said the buttons Purdue students wore all week as they got themselves stirred up for the intrastate battle with Coach Ara Parseghian's Notre Dame powerhouse. But it was just plain rain, not any sort of pollution, that did in the Boilermakers. With 2:58 left in the game and Purdue leading 7–0 courtesy of Gary Danielson's 26-yard TD pass to Otis Armstrong, Purdue's Scott Lougheed stood in the end zone ready to punt. The snap was low, the ball was as slippery as a cake of soap and he dropped it. Irish Defensive Back Clarence Ellis hit him as he tried to retrieve it and the ball squirted away to where Defensive End Fred Swendsen could cover it for an Irish touchdown. Then, on a call that may bury memories of the time Parseghian once played for a tie, Quarterback Pat Steenberge passed to Tight End Mike Creaney for the two-point conversion and an 8–7 victory. It was Notre Dame's first win at Lafayette since 1961.

LSU traveled north to play a Big Ten team for only the second time in its history and beat Wisconsin 38–28. Quarterback Paul Lyons ran for three touchdowns, passed for another and gained a school-record 304 yards total offense. Penn State ignored the wet turf and chilly rain, relied on runners Franco Harris and Lydell Mitchell and defeated Iowa 44–14. Northwestern Coach Alex Agase did not even bother to show his team the film of the previous week's slaughter by Notre Dame. The Wildcats forgot about their 0-2 record and beat Syracuse 12–6 with simple, brute-force football. Duffy Daugherty enjoyed his 100th career win as Michigan State beat Oregon State 31–14, and Michigan pummeled UCLA 38–0.

Nebraska won its third straight by a margin of five touchdowns to one, this time picking on Texas A&M 34–7. The Aggies' lone score was a 94-yard kickoff return by little Hugh McElroy. Houston's Robert Newhouse picked up more than 100 yards for his eighth straight game and the Cougars beat Cincinnati 12–3.

EAST

1. PENN STATE (2-0)
2. ARMY (1-1)
3. DARTMOUTH (1-0)

While other Big Eight teams were punishing the Southwest Conference and the Big Ten, Oklahoma traveled east to play Pitt and display its best weapon, Quarterback Jack Mildren. The ex-Texas high school star did not amass a load of gee-whiz statistics, but he ran the Wishbone-T attack beautifully, especially on quick pitchouts to Halfbacks Joe Wylie and Greg Pruitt, and Oklahoma battered the Panthers 55–29. Mildren drew raves from Pitt Coach Carl DePasqua, who called the Sooners "the most explosive machine I've seen." Winning Coach Chuck Fairbanks was not about to disagree, and in a moment of uncoachly euphoria said, "It is possible we can be No. 1." A brave statement, what with USC, Texas and Colorado coming up on the next three weekends.

Princeton and Rutgers renewed the oldest rivalry in college football, the Battle of New Jersey Route 1, and underdog Rutgers won 33–18, taking advantage of the Ivy Leaguers' porous first-half pass defense. There was no scoring in the second half, even though Princeton three times got inside the Rutgers five-yard line. Dartmouth opened its season with a 31–7 romp over Massachusetts and Penn beat Lehigh for the 32nd straight time, 28–14.

Poor Holy Cross, the only team Army could whip last year, had gone 1,036 days without a victory before it upset Harvard 21–16 Saturday. The last Crusader win was over Connecticut on Nov. 23, 1968. "Sometimes you have to win to show people you exist," said Holy Cross Captain Ed Jenkins. "We've had our faces in the mud for some time. We proved we're a team today." The victory marked Eddie Doherty's debut as head coach. The last time he appeared at Harvard Stadium was in an "informal" game for Boston College against the Crimson, and he was injured. This time his players tried to carry him off the field and he fell off their shoulders. He should have them prac-

continued

tice that play all week in case it is ever needed again.

Lafayette twice stopped fourth-quarter drives inside the one-yard line to beat Columbia 3–0.

SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (2-0)
2. HOUSTON (2-1)
3. ARKANSAS (2-1)

When Arkansas left the field at halftime leading Tulsa 20–0, nobody in Razorback Stadium was the least bit surprised. After all, the seventh-ranked Hogs were the Southwest Conference total-offense leaders and had routed both Cal and Oklahoma State. No doubt they would prance out in the second half and continue to reduce the Golden Hurricane to a light breeze. Instead, Quarterback Todd Starks passed for three touchdowns within a space of 9.22 in the last quarter to give Tulsa a 21–20 victory and embarrass Arkansas with perhaps the most shocking upset in its 78-year football history.

The climax came with 3:46 left and Tulsa at the Arkansas 21. The Hogs had been dropping off their linebackers to defend in various zones, but this time all three blitzed. Starks calmly watched them bear down on him, then lobbed the ball out to Tailback Larry Frey who galloped through a convoy of blockers to the goal line. Sam Henry kicked his third extra point, and an interception in the last minute and a half clinched Tulsa's first win of 1971.

"This is the greatest victory of my career," said Tulsa Coach Claude Gibson. Gibson is 32. It may still be when he is 92.

"I'm brokenhearted," said Arkansas Coach Frank Broyles. "Tulsa deserves all the credit. We didn't underestimate them, but they outexecuted us in the second half."

The largest crowd ever to watch a college game in the Southwest, 76,639, turned out to see Texas beat Texas Tech 28–0 in Austin. Quarterback Eddie Phillips was on the sidelines because of a pulled hamstring muscle and a bruised toe, but 5′ 8″, 167-pound sub Donnie Wigginton, who had been dreaming about starting for five years, filled in ably. "It was even better than I thought it was going to be," he said happily.

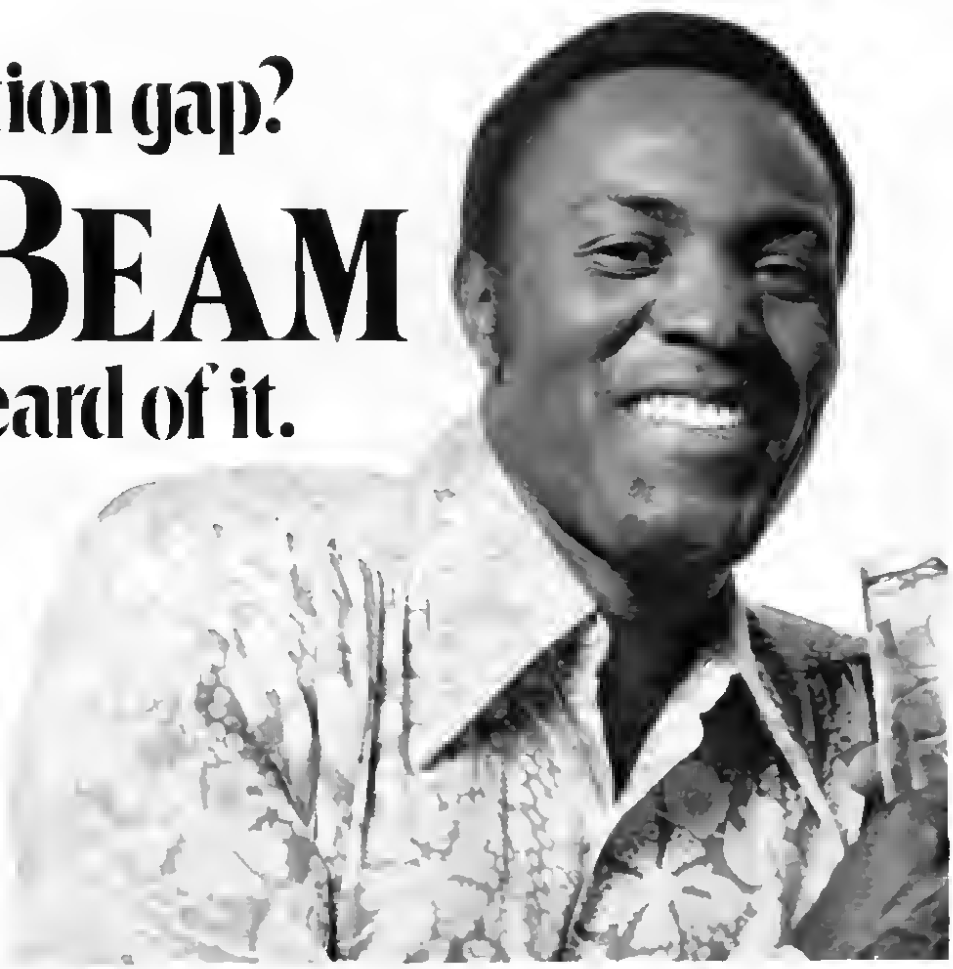
It was not an altogether sparkling performance for the Longhorns, who operated much of the time in a manner befitting the half-finished upper deck at Memorial Stadium. They cashed in on a fumble recovery and two pass interceptions for their three second-half TDs. To further curb Coach Darrell Royal's optimism, Running Back Jim Bertelsen suffered a bruised shoulder, although it does look as if he and Phillips will play this week against Oregon. Still, Texas is now unbeaten in 30 straight regular-season games.

Junior college transfer Godfrey White was going to let the second-half kickoff roll out of bounds, but he changed his mind, picked it up and raced 94 yards for a touchdown, giving Baylor the spark it needed to defeat Indiana 10–0. Mike Conradt added a 25-yard field goal and the Bears had more points than they needed to end their losing streak at six. "We were just determined we were going to get a shutout," said Baylor Defensive Coach Pat Culpepper. "It's like when there is a sickness in the family. If the father is sick, then the mother goes to work. Our offense has been having trouble, so we went to work."

Rice edged Tulane 14–11, then presented the game ball to newly inaugurated uni-

Generation gap?

JIM BEAM never heard of it.



Rafer Johnson and Jesse Owens, America's honored athletes.

versity President Dr. Norman Hackerman. "I hope you can play as well for the next eight," said the pleased prez. With LSU, Texas and Arkansas left on the schedule, that may be difficult.

WEST

1 ARIZONA STATE (2-0)
2. WASHINGTON (3-0)
3. STANFORD (3-0)

USC Coach John McKay always finds something to fear in an upcoming opponent, and with Illinois—twice-beaten, scoreless Illinois, which could not find the end zone with a seeing-eye dog—it was the defense, which he described as "vastly improved." Nobody noticed his cigar trembling in his hand when he said it. Well, the Trojans won 28–0 and rolled up 502 yards running and passing, 234 of the yards being earned by Quarterback Jimmy Jones, who moved past O. J. Simpson into first place on the all-time USC total-offense list. But that Illini defense was noticeable in one category, hard tackling. Seven times USC fumbled, twice within scoring range.

For Illinois Coach Bob Blackman, formerly the head man at Dartmouth, it was a disheartening California homecoming. He was co-captain of the USC freshmen in 1937, but polio ended his playing days and he served as a student assistant for three years. "I had the feeling they were 10 touchdowns better than us," he said. "If you were a boxing promoter, you'd lose your license for a mismatch like that." The Illini's balance-of-points deficit for three games this season: 0-65.

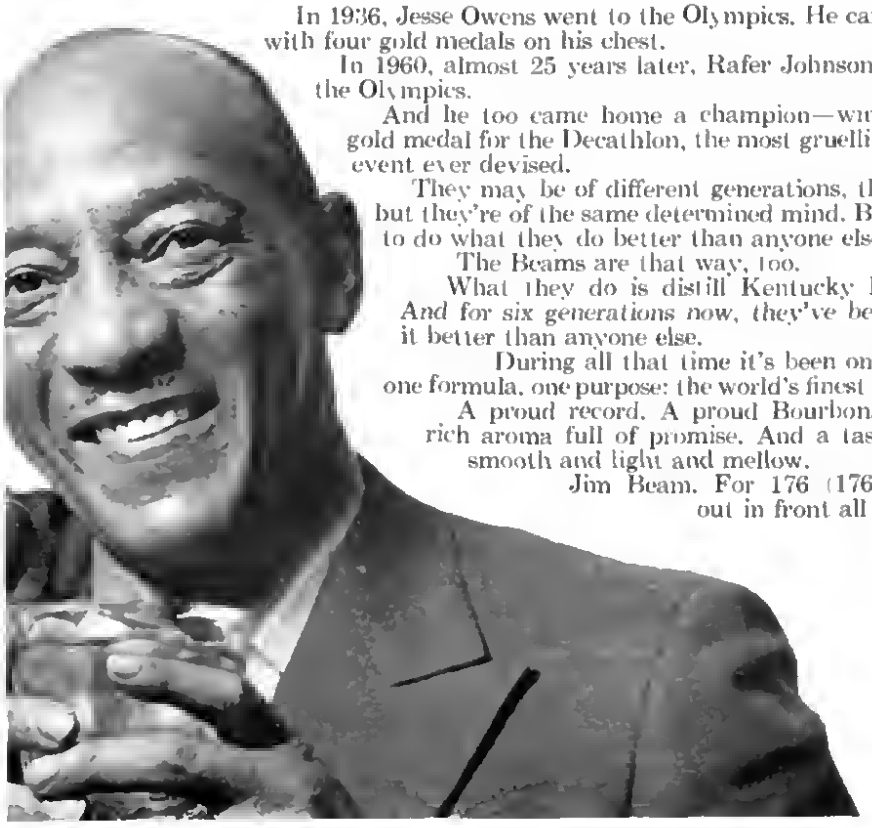
With Quarterback Dan Fouts sitting out the second half because of strained knee ligaments, Oregon had no choice but to try to run, and there happily waiting were Stanford's Jeff Siemon, Pete Lazetich and others. Still, the Ducks' Bobby Moore carried 14 times for 100 yards, demonstrating once again why Coach Jerry Frei calls him "the finest athlete we have ever recruited." Otherwise, Stanford dominated when necessary and won its Pacific Eight opener 38–17. For the second straight week Quarterback Don Bunce threw two touchdown passes to Miles Moore. "He was fantastic," said Stanford Coach John Ralston of Bunce.

Utah trailed Arizona State by only 24–21 with 6:34 remaining, but the Sun Devils recovered a fumble to stop a Ute drive and it was all over. Don Ekstrand kicked his second field goal, a 31-yarder, sophomore Woody Green zipped up and down the field the way ASU backs usually do and host Utah fell 41–21. Sonny Sixkiller (*page 34*) led Washington to a 44–26 victory over TCU, but the Frogs' Steve Judy got some attention, too. He broke Sammy Baugh's 35-year-old school pass-completion record.

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Tulsa Quarterback Todd Starks, a Californian who was the national junior college passing champion two years ago, beat favored Arkansas 21–20 with three touchdown passes and 22 completions in the second half.

THE LINEMAN: Colorado Defensive Guard Bud Magrum made nine solo tackles and assisted on 11 more against Ohio State. The sophomore from Nevada was the most stubborn Buffalo in two successful goal-line stands.



In 1936, Jesse Owens went to the Olympics. He came home with four gold medals on his chest.

In 1960, almost 25 years later, Rafer Johnson went to the Olympics.

And he too came home a champion—winner of a gold medal for the Decathlon, the most gruelling sports event ever devised.

They may be of different generations, these two, but they're of the same determined mind. Both want to do what they do better than anyone else.

The Beams are that way, too.

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SOCCER / *Hugh McIlvanney*

Are we finally starting to dig the world's game?

Nobody watched as Dallas beat Atlanta, but a British expert finds some signs that everybody's game of football may yet catch on here

The most popular sport in the world has confirmed yet again that it is not the most popular sport in the United States. Over three matches, one played in the slightly rustic atmosphere of a high school field in Texas and the others in the shadow of embarrassingly empty stands at a Georgia football stadium, the Dallas Tornado beat the Atlanta Chiefs in the playoffs for the championship of the North American Soccer League. They fought out their unheralded contests before a total of 15,000 spectators, and the organizers, optimists though they are, were forced to admit that while isolationism may be a discredited creed in the politics of the U.S., it survives robustly enough in the nation's sporting traditions.

The American attitude to team games seems to embrace and extend the philosophy of combat preached by Charlie Goldman, the old boxing trainer. "Never play a guy at his own game," Charlie constantly advised such protégés as Rocky Marciano. "Nobody makes up a game to get beat at it." By making up their own team games, Americans have neatly avoided the kind of worldwide competition they have coped with so successfully in track and field, swimming, tennis and golf. They obviously relish the joke, otherwise they would not have the nerve to apply the term World Series to the seasonal culmination of a pastime they share with a few offshore islands, some Asians and a band of furtive quislings who can be seen swinging apprehensively and lurching between makeshift bases in the brittle sunlight of English Sunday mornings.

But at least baseball is vaguely comprehensible to anyone who has played rounders and, to be honest, some of us outsiders have come to be enthralled by its mythology as conveyed by such as Ring Lardner and Bernard Malamud. A knowledge of rugby, on the other hand, is of no help whatever in the understanding of American football, which looks to the untutored eye less like a game than an exercise in violence therapy for patients whose excessive physical growth has diminished their emotional control. Of course, the rest of the world is obliged to admit that the great American public can't be entirely wrong: this kind of football must have something.

And yet the rest of the world is entitled to harbor doubts, for the American public has been persistently wrong about soccer, so wrong that the most imaginative, fluent and graceful ball game ever devised is still laboring for a foothold in a country where sport is almost a surrogate religion.

There have been several times when soccer has seemed close to a breakthrough in America. A spectacular example occurred as far back as 1950 when a motley group of players for the U.S. straggled off a plane in Belo Horizonte, Brazil, flicking ash from their cigars and asking for directions to the liveliest party in town, and then proceeded to dismiss from the World Cup an England team that included two players who would eventually be knighted for their extraordinary soccer careers.

But it was a quite different World Cup experience that finally generated sufficient optimism to launch professional soccer in the U.S. Television coverage of the event in England in 1966 created so much interest that within a year two separate leagues were formed simultaneously, the National Professional Soccer League and the United Soccer Association.

Both groups of organizers descended on the American sports fan with the evangelical presumptuousness of conquistadors, but their brashness soon gave way—with good reason—to financial panic. Since then, pulses have steadied sufficiently to merge the originals into one eight-club league, with franchises in Atlanta, Dallas, St. Louis, Washington (now possibly transferring to Miami), New York, Rochester, Toronto and Montreal. And, significantly, the game has gained a new leading figure, Commissioner Phil Woosnam.

Woosnam is a slight, intense Welshman of 38 with a crew cut that emphasizes the functional spareness of his features. He has a BSc in physics, and his presentation of the case for soccer is accompanied by much linear reasoning and, on occasion, by colored diagrams. He played 17 times for Wales in a period when the Welsh were well off for footballers, and came to the Atlanta Chiefs as coach and general manager in 1966. He switched readily to the commissioner's job in 1969 and led a swing to more modest budgets. Players' earnings from the game were reduced from as high as $25,000 to $8,000 or less and individual club losses, which had reached half a million a year, were brought within the tolerable range of $50,000 to $100,000.

But the mere survival of U.S. soccer was never Woosnam's ambition. As he talks, compulsively scribbling headings to remind himself of the priorities, skeptical interjections tend to dry in the listener's throat. "For financial and other obvious reasons we don't want to be limited by the ethnic, Ivy League and other traditional associations," he says. "There are signs that soccer can be a real, broadly based national game. In U.S. colleges it is growing faster than any sport except cross-country running.

"Next year we will introduce a pro draft system and have a senior bowl for the 40 best college players. At the same time we are going to demand that pro clubs play at least two American or Canadian citizens, and the required number will increase by one each season so that we build up to strong national teams."

Woosnam expects two of the eight clubs to break even next year, which might be crucial progress, and sees steady expansion toward a league of 16 teams in 1974-75 and even more by 1980, the year in which the host nation for the 1986 World Cup will be named.

His suggestion that the U.S. may be allowed to stage the World Cup competition then is probably quixotic, but his domestic predictions could well prove less extravagant. When he says, for example, that Vancouver, British Columbia and Seattle are poised to pick up



GOALKEEPER MIRKO STOJANOVIC STRETCHES FOR A SAVE AS TORNADO SHUTS OUT THE CHIEFS TO WIN THE PRO CHAMPIONSHIP

new franchises—which still go for the giveaway price of $25,000—his argument is supported by the extraordinary growth of the game among young people from both sides of the border on the West Coast. In February and March of next year 1,000 teams of Washington boys (ages seven to 19) will play 1,000 teams from British Columbia in a two-match series in Vancouver and Seattle.

Dallas and Atlanta report a similar upsurge. In Dallas, Lamar Hunt, who must be the quietest millionaire in Texas, has put his profits from oil and his expertise as a sports promoter behind the Dallas Tornado. "Assessing the depth of interest in soccer is like trying to nail jelly to the wall," he says. "I really like the game, but that's not the reason I'm in it. I see no reason why it should not be as big as American football. It's a great game. Unlike our football or basketball, it doesn't call for an exceptional physique. You don't have to be a bull or a giraffe to play it. It's the ordinary man's game and, despite all its subtleties, there is a beautiful simplicity about it."

Amid all the speculation about soccer's future in this country, the men who are actually kicking the ball here and now remain the most fascinating elements. Most of them are still Europeans, searchers edging toward exile because of something deeper than their limitations as performers at home. They are a unique breed, somewhere between remittance men and missionaries. They play to a standard that is perhaps comparable with the top of the Third Division or bottom of the Second Division in England, but their style is very different. The English clubs at that level play with brusque, often hurtful pragmatism. The expatriates here give themselves more time, so that their displays of technique are sometimes lavishly entertaining.

For Dallas, Luiz Juracy, a chubby Brazilian of seemingly inviolable balance, plays superbly whenever he can overcome his Methuselah complex. In the second match he stopped listening for the creaking of his 33-year-old bones long enough to shoot two devastatingly precise goals, one with each foot. His contribution and that of Tornado's Yugoslavian Goalkeeper Mirko Stojanovic—who made a lunging save on a shot by Atlanta's black forward, Freddie Mwila, in the last of the three games—ensured that the title went to Texas.

Dallas lost the first playoff match 2–1, then won the next two 4–1 and 2–0. "We actually had more trouble in the semifinal," says Dallas Coach Ron Newman, once a hustling winger with Portsmouth and, ironically, the Atlanta Chiefs. "One match with Rochester went to sudden death. It lasted 176 minutes, a world record. The referee threw away his watch and took out his calendar. Only the Americans could call that sudden death. We reckoned if we could survive that, we could survive anything."

Newman is a good representative of his game. It, too, is a survivor, and America had better get used to the idea. ENO

Doing his jig with the Jug

Harve Filion dances off with pacing's most esteemed trophy after driving Nansemond to an improbable victory over the mighty Albatross



The Big Bird lost the big race. He was shot down on the threshold of his finest moment by Herve Filion, a saucy little French Canadian who makes a specialty of discomfitting the mighty. His most enthusiastic admirers—and the ranks are growing fast—claim Filion is something of a wizard in the sulky. Maybe he is and maybe he is not, but there is no denying what he accomplished in last week's $102,964 Little Brown Jug. He and an ill-regarded colt named Nansemond, who was fresh off the hospital list, defeated Albatross—aka the Big Bird and Superhorse—in the most surprising upset in the 26-year history of the Jug.

Held on the steeply banked half-mile track at the Delaware County Fairgrounds in Ohio, hard by an ancient whitewashed grandstand and an old-fashioned country fair, the Jug is one of the more unusual scenes in sport. It combines the pleasures of the rural and the rinky-dink with the pressures of a premier sports event. The Jug is pacing's grandest prize, the race that every breeder, owner, trainer and driver wants above all others.

Albatross, with his almost unblemished record and humbling speed, was a cinch to win in straight heats. Earlier this year a syndicate of horsemen had purchased him for $1,250,000 and put him in the hands of old pro Stanley Dancer. Albatross breezed to 16 straight victories, each of them so impressive that by Jug day Delaware track officials, fearing they would suffer a Bird bath, barred him from the betting. But they reckoned without Filion, whose record—the most wins for four straight years—rivals that of Albatross.

And so on a bright, gala afternoon, some 40,000 fairgoers saw Filion and Nansemond do the improbable. There was curiosity when Albatross beat Nansemond by only a nose in their first heat. There was amazement when Nansemond won his second heat going away in the brilliant time of 1:57⅗—a national season's record for 3-year-old pacers on a half-mile track. And finally there was a wild ovation when Herve and Nanse downed the Bird again in the final heat, this time by a solid three-quarters of a length. As Filion guided Nansemond back to the winner's circle, he recalled later, he "almost stood up in

the sulky." But he settled instead for a spell of laughing and waving at the crowd.

And what of Dancer and Albatross? "He just wasn't himself today," said Dancer. "I'm not sure what was wrong. He had two races last week, one in the mud, so maybe that hurt him."

The winner, a Tar Heel colt, was bred by two Virginia lumbermen, Fermer Perry of Suffolk and William M. Camp Jr. of Franklin. Just before Nansemond's 2-year-old season, Perry and Camp began looking for someone to drive him. They wanted Filion, and as a lure they offered to sell the driver a one-third interest for $13,000. It was the second largest sum Filion had ever spent on a horse—his Capital Hill Farms Stable consists mainly of inexpensive claimers—but it proved a canny investment on everybody's part. As a 2-year-old Nansemond won nine of 17 starts and $80,217, and by last May Filion was predicting that if anybody could beat Albatross in the Jug this would be the horse.

The boast was dismissed as mere Filion flash, but Herve meant what he said. Everything went well until mid-July, when Nansemond suffered a torn ligament in his right front leg. Oddly enough, the injury occurred in a bumping incident with Albatross.

"Usually this type of injury finishes a horse for the rest of the year," says Veterinarian Kenny Seeber, who attended to Nansemond. "It requires a lot of rest. Maybe that is what did him so much good."

It was not until 12 days before the Jug that Nansemond could make his first start, and he finished a dismal seventh. But with the Jug only six days away, the colt suddenly found himself. With one of Herve's brothers, Yves, in the sulky, he won at Liberty Bell by 1½ lengths in the brisk time of 1:59⁴/₅. "He was real good," said Yves afterward, adding in the Filion tradition, "He's going to win the Jug."

"Brother," said Herve, "you're nuts."

Since the 1971 Jug drew 15 entrants, the opening heat was split into two divisions. The winner of the first was H T Luca, driven by Del Insko. Then the track was sprayed and raked, and it was time for Albatross to fly.

Early in the race Filion took Nansemond to the lead, with Albatross, who started from the extreme outside post, settling comfortably in fourth. Just before the three-quarter mark Dancer and Albatross moved outside. As they swept past Nansemond turning for home, everybody expected one of the Big Bird's bursts of acceleration. "I was looking for Stanley to go past me with a whoosh," said Filion, "but when he tried I hit my horse and *he* took off. I couldn't believe it." While the judges examined the finish picture it was Filion who was smiling and Dancer who looked worried.

"Well, Stanley, you won," said Filion when the result was posted. "I hate to see it happen, but that's show biz." Even Dancer laughed.

The top four horses in each division came back for the next heat. This time Dancer set most of the pace. Again as they turned for home he had the lead, now with H T Luca second and Nansemond third. But when Nansemond rushed up on the outside, Albatross did not respond to Dancer's whip. At the wire Nansemond was in front by a full length. "I like to be Hertz, not Avis," said a jubilant Filion. "I didn't whip my horse at all. I just yelled at him. In both French and English. He understands both, you know."

As the three heat winners got ready for the race-off, Filion said, "The only thing I can do is take the lead and make Albatross come after me." But he did more than take the lead; he slowed the pace to a crawl that would have embarrassed a claimer. Even so, when Dancer asked Albatross to move just after the three-quarter pole, he feared he did not have enough horse. Still, the Bird showed his class by taking the lead midway through the last turn. In response Filion hit Nansemond a few whacks with his whip. Nansemond began to pull away, and it quickly was apparent that Albatross was finished.

For Filion it was by far the most important victory of his career, but he did not allow himself time to savor it. He hurried to a private plane and took off for New York's Roosevelt Raceway, where he was scheduled to drive in eight races that night. "I'm trying to win 500 races this year," said Filion, whose 486 last year was a world record. "Just because I won the Brown Jug, I can't stop living, you know." **END**



Teacher's Scotch

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Lights, Camera! Here comes Oscar candidate Jean-Claude

Is there a bit of Brando, a glimpse of Gable in the former world ski champ? We'll soon know, because Killy is chasing movie medals now

Watching the scene, one can almost hear the crash of music that isn't there. Something wild and Wagnerian, maybe—brassy, heroic chords backed with hysterical woodwind to match the menace and tension exuded by the single black figure poised 500 feet above, on the glacier.

Around the cameras, everyone falls silent. The director shouts *Azione!* to the Italian crew, and a scarlet parka is fluttered high in signal. Then the lone skier pushes off with two fierce stabs at the snow and comes schussing down the mountain, arms and poles thrashing madly. He takes off from a frozen cliff, disappears in a white bomb burst, hits pure ice that rattles away from his skis in splintered chips, then hurtles straight at the cameras, waiting until the last split second before slamming into a turn that leaves him broadside and no more than a yard from the lens. Only the camera crew and the mountain guides from Cervinia have stood their ground. The latter crow with delight. "Jean-Claude!" they shout. "Bravo Jean-Claude!"

Of course. It is the old maestro, Jean-Claude Killy, 3½ years and a world away from his three Olympic gold medals and World Cup triumphs, riding again almost 12,000 feet up on the Plateau Rosa under the shadow of the Matterhorn. This is that no man's land where one is never very sure whether he is in Swiss or Italian territory and where Director George Englund is currently shooting *The Great Ski Caper* for Warner Bros. The movie stars Killy—who now kicks off his skis and roots for a beef sandwich in the big luncheon box that has been flown up from Zermatt by helicopter.

"Look at him," Englund says, jerking a thumb at Killy as the unit takes a break, "a born movie star who happened to blunder into being the greatest skier of the decade." Film directors are prejudiced when it comes to assessing the genius of their leading actors, but Englund's verdict is seconded over and over by cooler and less involved critics. Willy Bogner, for example, who once raced on the German Olympic team and who is now working on *The Great Ski Caper* as a special adviser: "When I saw the first rushes," he says, "they lifted me right out of my seat. Killy is electric. If he goes on like this—if he gets the right kind of pictures—he's going to have a dazzling movie career." Expressions like "the young Clark Gable . . . Brando when he was starting out . . ." are bandied about freely. Naturally, they are not referring to the ski sequences, which Killy could manage wearing a blindfold. They are talking about the way in which his compelling personality comes across on interior shots—as a straight dramatic actor, in love scenes, in scenes where he has to convey complex emotions.

In fact, Killy's acting abilities seem surer than the movie's title. Before Warners thought up *The Great Ski Caper* the film was called *Schuss* and before it is released it may be changed again, to *The Snow Job*.

Now deep into his massive sandwich, squatting on the snow, Killy talks calmly about his latest success. Read cold, his words seem arrogant. But spoken, they merely reflect an absence of false modesty. "Let's assume this film is a winner," he says, in the easy English he has picked up in world travel. "Soon I will have many offers. I will then decide if I want this new career. But in any case, if I make another film, it won't be about the mountains or skiing. It will be about people."

Still, Killy did not find acting easy at first, even though *The Caper* was custom-built for him. He plays a ski instructor who, with his seasonal sweetheart (as the synopsis delicately puts it) and an American friend, robs a ski lodge. Wild schusses down the glacier and snow-flying leaps over crevasses are the main feature of the escape with the loot and, presumably, the *raison d'être* of the film. But Jean-Claude had to face straight acting as well, with no previous experience beyond making TV commercials for United Air Lines and Chevrolet.

"The first days were terrible," he admits. "I couldn't learn the lines properly and I had trouble getting some of the pronunciations right."

"You were okay," says Bogner, clumping through the snow to take his turn to forage in the lunch box. "Ask him how he won his golds in Grenoble in '68. No, I'll tell you. It was 90% brains, that's what it was. And now he's using his brains in filming, just like he uses them in business."

"I got better after a while," Killy concedes. "That was after I started to get interested in the way films were made. Both sides of the camera, you know? And Danièle was there to help me. She's a professional," he said proudly.

Danièle Gaubert, who until three years ago was married to the youngest son of the late President Rafael Trujillo of the Dominican Republic, is Killy's seasonal sweetheart in *The Great Ski Caper*. In real life she has been his constant companion for all seasons since her divorce. "It is beautiful to have her working with me," he says unselfconsciously.

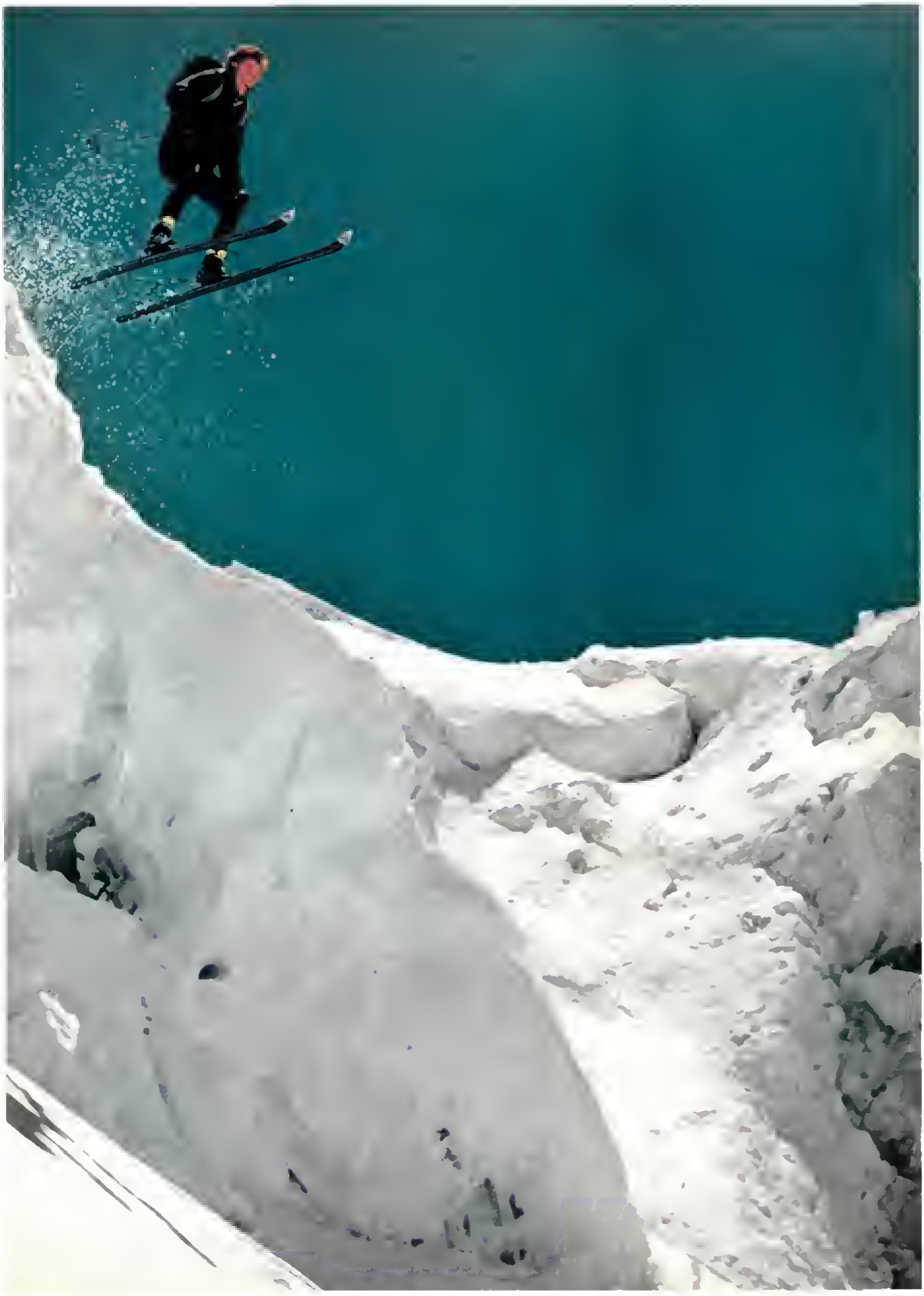
"I had plenty of offers to make films before. They wanted me to be with Paul Newman in an auto racing movie. But I turned them all down, because I am not *artiste*, you know, and those movie people with the long hair and the silk scarves . . ." he trails off, but the implication is clear that perhaps for once the boy who had dropped out of school at 16 back in Val d'Isère had been a little intimidated.

Director Englund, standing nearby and engaged in one of his frequent disputes with the Italian mountain guides, is not a typical movie person. "George just came by," Killy says, "and he was a good tennis player; he was there all the time when I wanted to talk and I

continued

SOARING ACROSS a fearsome glacier shelf, Killy outperforms the best movie stuntmen.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN BRYSON




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just trusted him. He understood I am not *artiste*. He told me, 'If we don't get it right, we do it again, three, four times. If you are disappointed or you think you look stupid in a scene, don't worry, we'll do it again.' "

There is now evidence on location, however, that this easy relationship, which began last year when the two men met at Sun Valley, is beginning to wilt a little.

"He's kind of lost in the snow, you know what I mean?" Killy says, then hastens to make his meaning clear: "I don't mean his camera work. I don't mean he's lost *technically*. But it's hard to give him advice." A subtle change has come over Killy since the interiors were shot and the unit went on location in the Alps. He is on his own ground now and very sure of himself. His friend Willy Bogner also is a little irked. Normally Bogner directs his own film unit (he was responsible for the snow scenes in the last James Bond film, *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*), but now he is virtually a cameraman under Englund's control, performing such remarkable feats as skiing downhill backward to shoot Killy's descents.

"He just doesn't know the dangers up here," Willy puts in, and to underline his point the altercation between Englund and the mountain guides grows in pitch. It is 1:30 p.m., and the sun is beating down on the snow. "This place is full of hidden holes and crevasses. Somebody could go through anytime once the snow covering starts to melt."

Englund wants one more shot, but the guides are ready to walk off without him. They win their point, and as if to prove it, members of the crew are roped together—a guide ahead of each party—to reach the helicopter. Killy regards the performance with quizzical resignation. "You see what I mean?" he says.

But in the Hotel Nicoletta that evening, tensions ease. It is Englund's birthday, and there is a party, movieland style, with caviar in a sturgeon of sculpted ice accompanied by considerable champagne. There are birthday gifts: the Italian guides present a shiny new ice ax. "It's ironic, eh?" says Killy slyly. He doesn't drink much wine, smokes only for curiosity one of those odd Swiss cheroots twisted and gnarled like a knotty twig. "I'm really a 10-o'clock-to-bed man, you know," he says. "That's why I like Geneva so much."

One of the glittering prizes that has come to Jean-Claude since he left ski racing is a fine new house in Geneva. At present it is still inhabited by electricians and plumbers, and the garage is crammed with silver cups and uncounted pairs of skis. "There are flowers and lawns," he says, "and we can watch the sailing races out on the lake, the mountains of the French Jura and the Geneva fountain, too. It is all green with climbing plants, and the roof is red-tiled, like a Mediterranean fisherman's house, you know? And there is a big open fireplace of red Italian stone in the living room.

"It is beautiful in Geneva," he says, turning down a post-dinner cognac. "Just two five-minute traffic jams each day, and I have a motorbike so I can slalom through those. Though you have to be discreet, just like a Swiss, and follow the rules. In Paris you park anywhere, then argue about it with the cop. That's just not done in Geneva."

Killy's commercial empire—which has made all this possible—is now extensive. Apart from the obvious connections, such as those with Head Skis, Lange Boots and a line of ski clothes, he has interests in real estate, hotels and restaurants and in ski tours, and he has promotional tie-ins with car manufacturers, airlines and electronic firms. Killy is, frankly, still exhilarated by his new life and misses the old free days on the ski slopes not at all.

"I'm proud to have made the change in my life as easily as I have," he says. "Rapidly. Without regrets. It was a beautiful life on the racing slopes, yes, but while I was still skiing I was afraid of the future. I used to think, 'The day will come and I will have to retire.' I remembered all the sportsmen who fell on hard times and I was scared it would happen to me."

Now it is after dinner, and the lounge is noisily invaded by some of the film crowd who want to play poker. Surprisingly, Killy, the 10-o'clock man, doesn't flinch. Instead, his eyes light up. And at 1 a.m. he is still playing, with a substantial pile of 100-franc notes in front of him. (Next morning, filming canceled because of low clouds on the mountains, Jean-Claude is encountered sitting placidly in the hotel's mineral bath. And the poker game? How did that finish? "I always win," he says. "The others are so unlucky.")

When it is possible to get back to work on the Plateau Rosa, the tensions begin to build up again. Killy is restless because he knows just what needs to be done and feels diffident about stating his views directly. After an hour or two of abortive attempts at filming a snowmobile sequence with actor Cliff Potts, Englund orders a shift in location to another part of the glacier. Bogner rolls his eyes upward. "We've been trying to tell him to do this for four days," Killy says. But he endears himself to the big, hearty Italian mountain men by helping to load the equipment as earlier he had grabbed a shovel to play his part in making a snow helipad. "We speak almost the same patois, you know," he says of them, and this is clearly a bond. Killy has, in fact, retained contact with the closest friends of his Val d'Isère days. Michel Arpin now manages his ski factory. Léo Lacroix, who was second in the Olympic downhill in 1964, is his neighbor in Geneva.

From the Plateau Rosa, it is not far across the mountains to Val d'Isère. It is a place that still means a great deal to Killy, though he has not been able to get back there since Christmas. "That's where I shall go when I retire," he says suddenly. It is characteristic of him that he can actively plan retirement while at the height of his commercial success. It will not be a question of having amassed enough money. "In Val d'Isère you need very little money anyway. I love my life now and I see no end to the pattern. But as soon as it gets boring or I sense the need for a change, that is what I am going to do."

Now Killy is called, and he clips on his skis and glides over to where Englund is grouped with the camera unit. There is a short delay. It is too far away to hear, but arms are raised in what looks like a lively discussion. Killy's arm points one way, Englund's another.

We may, indeed, be hearing more of Jean-Claude Killy, movie superstar. He could make the same kind of success in acting that he has made in every other sphere in which he has operated. On current evidence, though, it seems that still another métier lies ahead of him: directing movie superstars. **END**

MAKING GETAWAY, Killy hops off the top of a cable car in the film's most dangerous moment (*above*), then relaxes over poker and with his girl friend and co-star Danièle Gaubert.

A charge no sportsman needs

Two fishermen in a small metal skiff in Barnegat Bay are struck by lightning. The bolt hits one man's metal fishing rod, then jumps to his jacket zipper, killing him. His companion is knocked unconscious but recovers with no ill effects.

Three golfers in North Carolina, caught in a sudden storm, run to a rain shelter. Lightning blasts the shelter. Casualty list: one man untouched, one man dazed and burned, his clothing shredded and a shoe torn off, one man dead.

Freak accidents? Not according to insurance companies. Their statistics show that in the U S. an average of 300 persons a year, a good percentage of them sportsmen, are killed by lightning—more than by any other natural disaster.

Many of these people need not die. As Dr. Helen B. Taussig, professor emeritus of the Johns Hopkins School of Medicine, puts it, " 'Death' from lightning may be a highly reversible death." Prompt and prolonged treatment of the "dead" can bring them back to life.

Lightning packs such a punch—up to one billion volts traveling about 30,000 times faster than a bullet—that when it zaps a man, it blows out his whole system. Dr. Taussig suggests in an article on the subject in the *American Scientist* that: "The cessation of all metabolism in all cells, including the brain cells where respiratory narcosis is known to belong, is so instantaneous that apparently the onset of the degenerative processes is delayed." So the lightning victim may get a long count—and doctors do not know for sure just how long—before his body cells begin to die.

When lightning strikes a group of people, knocking some unconscious and "killing" others, "you should forsake the living for the 'dead,' " asserts Dr. Taussig. "Those who are still breathing will in all probability recover. The person who is *not* breathing is the one who needs your help."

If you feel a pulse, give the victim mouth-to-mouth artificial respiration. If there is no pulse, give him cardiopulmonary resuscitation—oxygen will do no good if the blood does not circulate it to the brain. Cardiopulmonary resuscitation is a technique that combines artificial respiration with an external rhythmic pressure on the heart. If you do not know this technique, try arm-lift chest resuscitation. This may put enough pressure on the chest to squeeze the heart into pumping blood or, better still, may restart the heartbeat. When you feel a pulse, change to mouth-to-mouth resuscitation and keep at it, for hours if need be, until the victim can breathe on his own or you can get him to a hospital respirator.

How does it feel to be struck by lightning? William Schwandt of Grand Rapids knows. He was working under his car in his backyard this summer when a bolt struck a tree, ran down a chain hoist hanging from a limb and jumped to the car. "When it got me, it felt like my whole arm was on fire," Schwandt said. "I was putting some bolts on the drive shaft and looked up at the wrench. It lit right up. My arm got hot and that's all I remember." Schwandt was knocked unconscious but recovered in a few minutes with no ill effects.

Schwandt's experience was fairly typical of most survivors. When the shock hits, victims are knocked cold for varying periods of time. After they come to, they complain of numbness and paralysis in their arms and legs, which lasts from seven minutes to several hours. Recovery is generally complete. The only long-term damage occasionally seen is to eyes and ears affected by the light and electricity of the bolt or the blast of the thunderclap.

Obviously, the best idea is to stay out of the way of lightning, which may mean curtailing your sporting instincts. Remain close to the clubhouse or any other large shelter when it looks like a lightning storm may be developing. And do not rely on the appearance of the sky as an indication of danger. Lightning can strike from a partly cloudy sky as well as one full of thunderheads. A good way to estimate the electromagnetic field present in the atmosphere is to turn on your radio to the AM band and turn the volume up. Heavy static indicates excessive electrical activity.

If you are caught out in the open when a lightning storm breaks loose, take shelter in a car (but never a convertible) if one is nearby and close the windows. If lightning should strike, the charge will run along the outside of the auto's steel frame to the ground. Taking shelter under a tree, most people know, is not a wise idea. Lightning is attracted to the tallest object in the area. Avoid high ground for the same reason.

If you are with a group when a storm breaks, scatter. Lightning is more likely to strike a number of people than an individual. Avoid wire fences. Lightning tends to strike fence posts, and the wires are good conductors. They deliver a strong jolt quite a distance.

Do not hold a golf club, fishing rod, metal tennis racket or even an umbrella over your head. These act like lightning rods without the proper grounding. More fishermen are killed by lightning than almost any other outdoor group, probably because they refuse to quit casting when the fish are biting. Stay away from tractors, golf carts, scooters or other machinery.

If lightning is striking close by, lie flat on the ground away from trees and poles, preferably in a low spot like a ditch or ravine. If you have a rubber raincoat, put it under you on the ground, not over you to stay dry. Rain won't kill you.

Water is a good conductor of electricity. A lightning stroke can electrocute swimmers up to 500 yards away. So if you are swimming or out in a small boat, head for shore. If aboard a large boat, go below and stay away from metal objects that could conduct a charge to your body.

If you are indoors—25% of lightning deaths occur there—do not use the telephone, do not touch metal objects, such as the stove, or electrical appliances, such as the television set, and do not take a bath or wash dishes. Do not stand between an open door and an open window. Lightning can strike horizontally between the door and window.

The precautions may seem excessive, but consider the alternative. Why test Dr. Taussig's theory of a reversible death? **END**



Datsun led the way
for 23 laps in the California 500

The Datsun 510 pace car at the California 500 really got a work-out.

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DATSUN
FROM NISSAN WITH PRIDE

My Drive to Be a Champion

The potential was there, no doubt about that. I needed just a few lessons and a week of practice

by Walter Bingham



The men's grill of the Essex County Country Club in West Orange, N.J. is a cozy room. It has wall-to-wall carpeting, a mahogany bar with golfing figurines on a shelf above it, an enormous mural of the 11th hole on one wall and, on another, three wooden scrolls listing in gold letters the club's golf champions since 1895. One of the names that dominates the scrolls is that of Charles R. McMillen, who won in 1912, again in 1922 and six more times between 1924 and 1931. Downstairs in the men's locker is another scroll, this one carrying the winners of the Charles R. McMillen Memorial Tournament, which a group of his friends started in 1953, the year he died. Today, Mr. Mac, as he was called,



is a legend at Essex County, a man who never played the game until he was 30, who shot an 83 his first round and was never that bad again, a man who was generous with advice to younger players and then beat their brains out. Charles R. McMillen was my grandfather.

The name Walter A. Bingham appears twice on the list of champions, in 1932 and again in 1950. Walter A. Bingham is my father. In his younger days he was an even bet to shoot somewhere in the mid-70s and now, at the age of 67, he is only a few strokes higher. The first time he won the club championship he played my grandfather – who else? – in the finals and was naturally something of an underdog. I wish I could have seen that one. When Dad won there were those who accused my grandfather of throwing the match to please his daughter. Some joke.

Almost everyone else in my family played some golf – my other grandfather, my mother, aunts, uncles, cousins – so it was not unnatural that as soon as I could hold a club I did, too. For four years I lived with my grandfather Bingham, a New Jersey obstetrician who kept his own backyard putting green, and I spent long hours alone chipping and putting. During the summers between my ninth and 12th birthdays the whole

family went to the Pocono Mountains in Pennsylvania. Every morning my cousin Larry and I were turned loose on the golf course and not expected to return until dusk. I made my first birdie at 10, driving the green with a brassie on a par 3 and sinking the putt. At 13 I played in the third flight of the club championship, losing in the first round to a Mr. Uhl on the 19th hole. During those years Larry and I played a thousand rounds of golf, or so it seemed, and when we reached home in the evenings we would dig a hole at the bottom of the long driveway and play that makeshift course until it became too dark to see.

But, somehow, I never became Jack Nicklaus. I didn't even become Charles R. McMillen or Walter A. Bingham. As a teen-ager I was shooting regularly in the low 90s and I had several nine-hole scores of 42 or so, but I never broke 90. Nor did I do it when, after an early retirement from the game, I began playing steadily again in my late 20s. A friend wanted to learn golf and so one day we took the ferry from Manhattan to Staten Island and played over there. He shot 134 and I had a 94. A year later we were both shooting 94. And the year after that he was in the low 80s regularly while I, of course, was still at 94.

It didn't bother me. I had my game, such as it was, and was happy with it. Put me on a course even after a year or so in drydock and I would produce maybe five pars and a birdie. I would also come through with a few 7s. Or 9s. And perhaps an X. Most often, this would be the result of hitting a titanic drive straight down the middle and following it with an eight-iron 25 yards along the ground, a wedge into a trap, several unsuccessful attempts to get out—well, there you are. That night I could review the scorecard and see where on two holes if I had kicked the ball toward the green I might have saved five shots and had an 89. One time, playing with my friend, I reached the 15th tee needing four bogeys for an 87. I finished triple bogey, quadruple bogey, double bogey, double bogey for a good old 94. Another time I came to the 18th, an easy par 4, needing a 5 for an 89. I took an 8. So what? My thrashings amused me. There had been enough champions in the family.

My carefree attitude changed about two years ago. I was golf editor of this magazine at the time—my grandfather would have loved that—and Dan Jenkins, who covers the major golf events, decided we should play a round at Champions in Houston since it was to be the site of the U.S. Open a month or so later. Jenkins had never seen me play. I knew that he was a 70s shooter though he seldom swung a club anymore. I told him with some confidence that I would probably have five pars and a few 8s.

We arrived at Champions early one morning and were just about to tee off with two club members when Jimmy Demaret, the three-time Masters winner, appeared. Jenkins introduced us and Demaret decided to watch his old friend Dan hit one. Being courteous, he waited around then until all of us had teed off.

Now I would have sworn that in my sleep, blindfolded and hung over, I could have hit the ball somewhere off the tee. Maybe not a boomer, but at least an ugly little low line drive of sorts. Not so. I did a total Spiro, except I caught mine on the heel of the club, sending the ball almost directly behind me. A moment of utter silence followed before there were a few lame jokes and someone mentioned a mulligan. Still flushed with embarrassment, I teed up another ball. And did the same thing again. Precisely. The two shots finished within 10 feet of each other. Nor did I improve once I had gotten out from under Demaret's gaze. It was absolutely the worst round of golf I have ever played, a hacking, divot-digging disaster. When it was over and I had time to think about my performance, I realized that I had lost that smug self-confidence, that I was no longer good for a 93-98 every time with enough laudable shots during a round to make people forget the atrocities. My game improved on the few occasions I played after that, but I had to face up to it. I could no longer call myself a 90s shooter.

Recently Bert Yancey, the touring pro and a friend, invited me to play a round with him. It was a loose invitation, good anytime over a two-week period, and I told Bert I'd try to make it. But I had no intention of doing so. Foolish, maybe, but the Demaret incident had shaken me badly. It occurred to me then that I should either give up the game permanently or do just the opposite—go into it all the way and take a lot of lessons, a sort of crash course in golf, to see if at 40 it was possible for me to produce a little of whatever it was that put my grandfather's and father's names on the wall of the Essex County Country Club. I decided to try.

Remembering my contacts as golf editor, my first thought was Ben Hogan. What better way to learn the game. But Hogan, I was assured, would not have time. Ditto Jack Nicklaus who just then was getting himself ready for the Masters. Besides what I really needed were lessons from a professional whose business was teaching, not playing. I called Frank Hannigan, an official of the USGA, and asked for suggestions. He rattled off the names of several good teaching pros, one of them Mac Hunter at the Riviera Country Club in Los Angeles. Mac Hunter. I had heard of him, I thought, or was that MacDivot of the comic strips? No, I was certain Mac Hunter was a famous teaching pro, a Scotsman about 60 or 70 years old, and that seemed just right.

I also liked the idea of learning at Riviera. I had played the course once, 20 years ago. My grandfather had come out to visit—my home was in Los Angeles at the time—and had wanted to play Riviera.

"It's a private club," I told him. "I don't think they'll let us."

I underestimated my grandfather. When we arrived at the club he asked the first person he saw where the pro shop was. Finding it, he strode right up to the man behind the counter and said: "I'm Charlie McMillen of the Essex County Country Club in West Orange,

New Jersey and I'm hoping you'll extend me and my grandson the privileges of the club." The man nearly saluted. "Yes sir," he said. "I think we can arrange that." And play Riviera we did, although curiously I have no memory of the round

Riviera is one of the most difficult courses in the country. Hogan won the 1948 U.S. Open there. Two years later, following his near-fatal car accident, he made a dramatic comeback at Riviera by nearly winning the L.A. Open. Sam Snead made a long birdie putt on the final hole to tie him, then beat him in an 18-hole playoff. A year later I drove to Riviera to watch Glenn Ford and Snead do a scene for the movie *Follow the Sun*, which was about Hogan. Snead was to duplicate his birdie putt at 18, then shake hands with Ford, who portrayed Hogan. A small gallery of extras clustered behind Snead in line with the camera. Sam stroked the ball and as it reached the cup the crowd cheered enthusiastically, but the ball did not drop. Cut. Again. Same thing. Five times Sam tried the putt and missed, the crowd cheering each time. Snead took some practice putts, made a couple and was ready to try again. He did and this time the ball dropped, but the crowd of extras had become so conditioned to the ball missing that it was caught short. Only a few people cheered on cue, the director had a fit and the whole scene had to be shot again.

The minute I got Mac Hunter on the phone I knew that I had been thinking of the wrong man. His voice was neither old nor did it have a Scottish burr. I explained my project to Hunter, that I would like to play a round at Riviera one Sunday, take six one-hour lessons during the following week, practice two hours a day and finally play a second round the next Sunday to judge what improvement I had made. "Come on out," said Hunter. "We'll make you a seven-day wonder."

It turned out that the Hunter I had been thinking of was Mac's father Willie, who was indeed a Scotsman but who died several years ago at 76. Willie won the British Amateur in 1921, moved to the U.S. and became the head professional at Riviera in 1937. He was evidently as honest as a man can be. It is said that Howard Hughes, wishing to learn the game of golf, hired Willie as a teacher. Not just for an hour a day, but full time as a private pro. After a month, Hughes is supposed to have asked Hunter if he would ever become a player of championship caliber. "No sir," said Willie, whereupon Hughes walked away and never picked up a club again.

Willie's son Mac is 42. Mac beat Arnold Palmer in the Hearst National Junior Championship at Oakland Hills back in 1946 and at the time many people thought it would be Hunter who would go on to win four Masters and so forth. Three years later he beat Gene Littler in the California State Amateur Championship. He turned pro in 1952, but instead of trying the tour he joined his father at Riviera. When Willie Hunter retired in 1963, Mac took over as head pro.

Hunter still plays a strong game. He has been in 10 U.S. Opens and six PGAs, and every winter when the tour is in California he plays in the L.A. Open, the Crosby, the Andy Williams—almost always finishing in the money. But teaching, not playing, is his life and that is the way he likes it.

Hunter had warned me to get to the club early if I wanted to avoid the weekend crush (there are 600 playing members at Riviera). I arrived at 6:30 a.m. Even at that hour there were many cars in the parking lot. The clubhouse, a tan stucco fortress, sits on what is, in effect, the edge of a cliff, so that when you walk through it and out the back the course is far below, 6,485 yards of hills, bunkers, eucalyptus trees and, I was to find out, other things. At the hour I arrived an early-morning fog hung over most of the course, giving it a haunting look.

Hunter was in the pro shop where he had been working for an hour, ever since the first members had started showing up. I was startled by his resemblance to Arnold Palmer, except that he was slimmer, lacking Palmer's powerful shoulders.

continued




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Within 10 minutes I had ordered breakfast, met three members who were about to tee off and were willing to let me join them, canceled the breakfast order, changed into my golf shoes, walked down the steep path to the first tee, taken a driver that was offered by a caddie named Whitey and been told to go ahead and hit one. Somewhere in the mist below was the first fairway.

Jimmy Demaret would have been proud of my drive. It wasn't much, just a low liner that faded dangerously close to some trees on the right, but considering I had not touched a club in six months, it was a classic. Hunter, who had come down the hill to observe the launching, seemed pleased to see that what he was inheriting for a week was a little more than zero.



And so we were off, Hunter wishing me luck. When I reached my ball near the right edge of the fairway, Whitey already had pulled out a three-wood, but I was having none of that. The green, lying out there in the heavy morning mist, looked unreachable with any club, so I took a conservative four-iron, swung easily and knocked the ball well down the fairway.

"Nice shot," called one of my companions, a fellow named Sid Bernstein. "You cleared the barranca."

Barranca? Yes, barranca, which is Spanish for ditch, and one was lying out there in the mist, something Whitey had not bothered to mention. Just as well. I learned that the barranca runs not only across the entire width of the first fairway but comes into play on many other holes.

I hit a seven-iron onto the green and two-putted. To be honest, I hit one nervous putt about a foot and a half from the hole and one of the fellows knocked my ball away for a gimme. O.K., not a bad start, I thought. Bogey 5.

"Niee par," said Bernstein as we headed toward the second tee. Another very pleasant surprise. The 1st hole at Riviera is a par 5.

On the 2nd bole I sliced the ball—this was no fade—over some trees and into a practice area. Taking a three-wood, I sliced again, so that now I was back in the first fairway where I had been just minutes before, about 170 yards and two avenues of eucalyptus trees away from the green. Whitey whipped out the four-wood. "Go for broke," he said.

The instant I hit the ball I knew I had gone broke. The ball took off toward the green, but then it started slicing in the general direction of the clubhouse. I never saw it land, but Whitey said something about not worrying because balls always roll back down from the hill there. Not mine. We found it half-

way up. A lot of shots followed, mostly wedges and putts, and I took a 9. What a perfect start, I thought, an absolutely typical Bingham performance after only two holes.

It was at the 7th that Hunter came racing up in a golf cart bearing Hotfoot Jimmy Harris, the club's celebrity caddie. Harris, a jaunty man with a Gilbert Roland mustache, took my bag from Whitey, who had been carrying double. I was feeling pretty good, having just hit a six-iron 14 feet from the pin at the par-3 6th for a near birdie and easy par. The 7th was one of those holes with the barranca cutting across it and, sure enough, with Hunter watching, I topped a drive right into it. Hotfoot produced another ball and just as quickly I did it again. And a third time, too. Shades of Demaret. I finally succeeded in getting one over and after an assortment of shots, including some from sand, I recorded a 12. Hunter departed, whereupon I parred the 8th. Three holes—two pars and a 12. That was what I had come to California to eliminate. I finished the round with a 58-45—103, including six pars, a bit better than normal, and that 12, that 9 and an 8. If I had merely bogeyed those three holes, I thought, I would have shot 90. I was confident that week of lessons with Mac Hunter would make that possible.

I am not going to get too technical about what Hunter did to my game during the course of the week, but the only thing he did not change was my grip. As for the rest, it was left arm straight, weight shifted left and back toward (but not on) the heels, right knee cocked, hips square to ball, bring club back without breaking wrists, pivot, coil, keep head still, come off left heel, keep right side rigid, swing through and out. Searching through my notebook, I find that I scribbled these Hunter Laws: relaxed grip . . . regard the club as an instrument, not a bludgeon . . . eyes communicate distances, fingers feel . . . the finish of a swing is a reflection of what preceded it . . . hips lead the way on the downswing . . . turn shoulders against hips . . . learn to visualize the plane of your swing.

Hunter also changed my putting stance and stroke. I was a wrist putter but under pressure wrists do funny things, so Mac had me stroking the ball pendulum style, wrists locked, hands forward of the club head and out from the body.

He taught me how to get out of a sand trap. I am now an authority. Open your stance so that you are facing the green, take a nice full swing and hit the sand somewhere behind the ball, making sure to follow through. How far behind the ball? Hunter said it was senseless to pick out one grain of sand an inch or two away as a target. Just make sure you hit the sand, not the ball. And one last thing. Before swinging, waggle the club loosely with a relaxed grip. The correct mood for a sand shot is a carefree one. Using this method, I, who never had come out of a trap without blood on my hands, lined up a dozen balls in the sand one afternoon and knocked them all smartly onto the green within a minute.

Enough expertise. If I thought I was going to have a lark in California—an hour lesson, a couple more hours of practice, then off to the hotel swimming pool for the rest of the day—I was mistaken. From the start Hunter acted as if his reputation as a teacher depended on my rapid improvement. Whenever he had a free half hour, he was at me—left arm straight; pivot, damn it. Sometimes we would play four holes, or nine, with Hotfoot Harris lugging the bags, but mostly he had me hitting balls on the practice range or putting on one of the club's three practice greens. On a typical day I would be at Riviera for 10 hours, from seven till five, and half that time I would be with Hunter. His moods rose and fell with my performance. When I hit a good shot, or a series of good shots, he seemed truly excited. "There's no doubt you can play in the 70s," he would say. "If I just had you out here for a few more weeks. . . ."

And there would be the depressing moments, times when perhaps because of fatigue—and that did become a factor as the week wore on—I would lose the way with terrible results. At such times Hunter was almost angry. "No, damn it, you're giving way on the right side." He would slap my right hip hard to emphasize the point. One time he said, his voice rising, "If there's one thing you're going to learn this week it's that you can't learn golf in a week."

There were times I felt I could not escape Hunter even when I was alone. I had the feeling he was up in that fortress of a clubhouse on the hill, looking down on my every move. One day, tired of hitting balls on the range, I noticed that the 10th hole was open. Hunter had said it was all right to play the course when I wanted, so I slipped over to the 10th tee and hit one. It was a poor drive, a low screamer into a fairway trap, leaving me a shot of some 120 yards to the green. I hit a nine-iron out, but barely, so that I still had about 90 yards to go. Oh well, I thought, a nice wedge and I'll still have a chance for a par or, at worst, an easy bogey. I had just finished hitting some good wedges on the range, but I sculled this one, which meant I had made three horrible shots in a row. Suddenly I heard a noise, turned and saw Hunter careening across the fairway in a cart. "Drop another one," he yelled and proceeded to make me hit seven wedges until I had it right. I don't know how long he had been watching me or where he had come from.

When I became too tired to practice any longer, I would climb the steep hill and try putting. To keep interested, I often resorted to fantasy. I was not at Riviera but Augusta and had to hole out to win the Masters. Or maybe get down in two from 40 feet. "Bingham has put his second shot well past the pin, folks, and has to two-putt to defeat Gary Player." I'd set myself up for the pendulum stroke. "Bingham strokes the putt and here it comes, down the hill, past the cup and, oh my, he's left himself an ugly 15-footer coming back." It didn't matter if I missed the next putt. There was always another Masters in a minute.

During the week I got to know a num-

continued

ber of Riviera people besides Hunter. The first day there I met Art Rios, a leathery Mexican-American from El Paso, Lee Trevino country, who is in charge of the practice range, runs a taxi service from the range and 18th green up the hill to the clubhouse and, when he has time, gives a few lessons. Rios joined Riviera years ago as a caddie, worked himself up to the golf shop and now is an assistant pro.

Once when I was hitting wedges Art came over and told how as a boy he had owned one club, a two-iron, and how he had hit balls in a field until he had learned to hit any kind of shot with it. He once bet Dean Martin, a Riviera regular, that he could par the 408-yard 9th hole using only a two-iron.

"I told Dino just how I'd do it," Rios said. "Drive, hit the second just short because I can't get home from there with two-irons, chip up by opening the face of the club and sink a short putt, closing the face." Rios drove precisely where he said he would, but his second shot drifted off to the right, inches short of a trap. "Dino raced ahead in his cart and kicked the ball into the trap," Rios said. "He didn't think I could see him. When I got there I said: 'Dino, that's the greatest favor you could have done for me. It's a much easier shot now.' I just opened the face of the club, knocked the ball out about three feet away from the pin and sank the putt."

Rios took the wedge from my hand. "It's really such a simple game." With that, he swung the club one-handed, hitting a ball stiff to the pin. He will never know how much that discouraged me.

Late afternoons I would turn myself over to Steve Mircetic, the club masseur. Mircetic came to the U.S. from Yugoslavia in 1957, lived for 10 years in Chicago, his favorite city, and then moved to Los Angeles because his wife thought it would be better for her health. Golfers are not big on massages, he says. He joined the club a year ago after losing a lot of money in a physiotherapy business. After my first massage, being without a wallet, I told Steve I would pay him in a few minutes, after I showered and dressed. "No rush," he said forlornly. "I've already lost so much money, a little more wouldn't hardly matter."

One day when Hunter was giving me a nine-hole playing lesson he told Hotfoot Harris to show me a moncado. As Jimmy approached my ball in the fairway, he took the bag off his shoulder so that the lower part of it swung forward along the ground, knocking the ball a good 10 yards farther. A caddie, walking 150 yards ahead of the players and blocking their view with his body, could probably get away with it.

The moncado was named in honor of General Hilario Moncado, a memorable Riviera figure. Hotfoot Harris said the General, a Filipino, was captured by the Japanese at the start of World War II, lined up against a wall with some other hostages and shot. Except that somehow the General was not killed and managed to escape from under a pile of bodies. Hunter had never heard that version, but said the General did arrive in the U.S. just after the war with lots of money and a love of golf. He was not a bad player, but by the simple means of playing with amenable companions he would record all sorts of remarkable scores.

You'd finish a hole and ask, "What you get, Bill?"

"Four."

"Harry?"

"Five."

"General?"

"Three."

General Moncado even worked his way into the 1949 U.S. Amateur. In those days a 36-hole qualification round was necessary. The General teed off early and shot something like a 61. Yes, indeed, said his playing partner. In the afternoon the USGA staff accompanied the General, who then shot 88, but his 149 total was good enough to qualify him for the championship. He had a bye in the first round and was eliminated in the second.

The first time the General ever played at Riviera, accompanied by friends, he had one of his normally brilliant rounds and when he completed the 18th and his score was added up, it was found he had a 64, a new course record. The General was ecstatic. Up the hill he went and into the pro shop.



"I just shot 64," he shouted for all to hear. "New course record, 64."

Mac's father was on the other side of the shop and when he heard this he came over.

"General," he said, looking the Filipino dead in the eye, "my name is Willie Hunter. I'm the club professional here and I hold the course record at 65."

There was a moment of silence. Then the General said: "I just shot 66."

By the end of the week there was no doubt in my mind that my golf game had improved. For the first time I knew what had gone wrong when I hit a bad shot—I finished the swing on my toes or did not swing through and out. And it seemed I was hitting a lot of shots that did not look too different from some I'd seen on the pro tour. At the beginning Hunter had said that all he hoped to accomplish during the week was to build a rock that could serve as the foun-

dation of my golf game. By Saturday I thought he had certainly done that.

But could I translate this into a better performance Sunday? Hunter arranged a game for me with two of the men I had played with the previous Sunday, Sid Bernstein and Stu Krieger. Both were low 90s shooters who did not hit the ball too far but rarely got into much trouble—exactly the kind of golfers I expected to be able to beat. My single worry was fatigue. Despite the efforts of Steve Mircetic, my muscles ached. I tried to taper off Saturday, spending little time at the range, and I made sure I would get a good night's sleep.

Except I didn't sleep. I got to bed early, but my mind kept wandering like the barranca—have to hit a good drive off the 1st tee and maybe I can reach the green in two for a birdie. Wouldn't that be a way to start?

I was at the club by 6:30 a.m. Hotfoot Harris was waiting for me. He had managed only three hours sleep, he said, because he had chauffeured Jim Backus, the Mr. Magoo man, to a party and back. Hunter was in the pro shop.

"I'm going to say goodby now," he told me. "I won't watch you tee off and by the time you finish, I'll be gone. No matter what happens today, it's been an enjoyable experience."

I took my clubs and went down to the range to hit a last bucket of balls. Sid Bernstein came down, tried a few, and then we both went up the hill to putt a little. It was on the putting green that I suddenly realized I was nervous. I had managed to turn the round I was about to play into a combination Ali-Frazier, Super Bowl and World Series. "Walter Bingham now on the 1st tee. Fore, please. Stand back, photographers. Please, no autographs until after Mr. Bingham has hit."

I felt better on the tee, hidden from the clubhouse by the hill. As I took my driver from Harris, I looked around to see if Mac Hunter wasn't somewhere nearby. He wasn't.

Stu and Sid hit and then it was my turn. I set up—left arm straight, right knee cocked, the complete checklist. I swung, felt solid contact and had an instant of satisfaction until I saw the ball hooking violently toward a fence at the left edge of the fairway. Out of bounds. Great start. Stu and Sid insisted I hit a mulligan. This one sliced through the avenue of trees on the right. Now I was faced with a choice between hitting an immense four-wood over the trees and past the barranca or chipping back on the fairway short of the barranca. Before I could really consider the wood, Harris was putting a seven-iron in my hands. I knocked the ball through the trees about 20 yards short of the barranca and 180 short of the green.

Now came the four-wood. As it turned out, it was the highlight of my round. The ball took off straight toward the pin with not the slightest trace of a hook or slice. I lost sight of it—my distance vision is poor—but there were shouts of "nice shot" from Stu and Sid, and Jimmy gave me a grin. "A perfect shot, sir," he said.

So I was on the green, I thought, and who knows how close to the pin. Just might get that birdie. I really felt good. The four-wood was a direct product of the week's work and I expected to hit quite a few shots like it during the day.

It was, therefore, a blow to find my ball not on the green but over it. Not barely over it, but 50 feet over it. Bye, bye birdie. Harris hauled out the wedge. Here was the shot I had practiced most. Open stance, weight left, no wrists. I swung, or guess I swung, and it was terrible—wrists, look up, the whole deal. The ball was on the green, but 40 feet from the pin. And with that hideous shot the nerves came back like crazy. As I took my putter, I noticed two golf carts charging up the fairway behind us. One of the occupants had on a bright pink sweater. It was Dino. Also in the group was Buddy Hackett and a fellow named John Miles, an advertising man who happens to hold the current course record—the real record, not a moncado—at 64. Swell. Now they were all sitting in their carts 20 yards away watching me putt.

I couldn't get the putter back. It just wouldn't go. When it finally did, I hit the ball about 15 feet, less than halfway. I looked up in time to see a curious expression on Sid's face, as if he thought maybe I had been taking a practice stroke and had tapped the ball by mistake. I apologized for the shot, admitted to both men that I was nervous and quickly hit the next putt two feet from the hole. Before I could butcher that one, Stu knocked it away. A neat little 7.

That is pretty much the way it went. Not until the back nine did my nerves subside. Dino and friends were right there the whole round. On par-3 holes, where there was always a jam-up, they would be on the tee with us. I slashed my way to a 55 on the front nine, three strokes better than the previous Sunday, but with no pars at all.

I rallied somewhat on the back nine but my most disappointing shot of all came at the final hole. I needed a par 4 for a 43 and a 98. I had parred the hole the Sunday before, so it was not as if I was hoping for a miracle this time, even though it is a tough hole. I hit a respectable drive, then a good four-wood off a severe sidehill lie, so that I was perhaps 20 yards off the green. Wedge time. I was completely relaxed, Dino was way back down the fairway. There was no way I could fail to knock the wedge right up to the hole.

I sculled it. A line drive over the green and only the hill kept the ball from rolling into the clubhouse. I chipped back, but not close, took two putts and that was it—a double-bogey 6 for a 45 plus 55 for one-oh-oh. A simple bogey would have made it 99. A week of lessons, more work than I had ever anticipated, and all I had to show for it was a sculled wedge at 18.

I said goodby to my playing partners, thanking them for their sense of humor, and to Hotfoot Harris, who seemed even more disappointed than I. Quickly I changed my shoes and left Riviera. So much for the instant wonder. I guess it does take more than a week. Sorry, Granddad. Sorry, Dad. And, most of all, sorry, Mac. END

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AMERICAN LEAGUE WEST

Setting the stage for the playoff against the Orioles, Dick Williams of OAKLAND said: "I'd love to be named Manager of the Year, but if I don't get the award I hope that fat guy in Baltimore doesn't." Neither Williams nor his A's won much of anything last week. Their lone victory came on a bases-loaded walk, and their only punch was supplied by solid 6'4", 225-pound Mike Epstein. He landed on 6'5", 195-pound Pitcher Bart Johnson of the White Sox who, Epstein claimed, was throwing beanballs. Williams limited his starting pitchers to five innings, resting them for the Orioles, and gave the opening-game assignment against Baltimore to Vida Blue, who completed his five without allowing a run. On another Blue note, Blue Moon Odom admitted his arm was dead, finishing him for the year. MILWAUKEE, which had lost 13 of 14 games to the A's, beat them twice, once 1–0 behind Jim Slaton. And Skip Lockwood blanked MINNESOTA. The Twins were winless until they swept a doubleheader from the Royals with Bert Blyleven winning his fifth in a row and Jim Kaat pitching his fourth shutout. CHICAGO solidified its grip on third place as Wilbur Wood won No. 21 and lowered his ERA to 1.95 with his seventh shutout. Tom Bradley also hurled a shutout, his sixth. Dick Drago became the biggest winner ever for KANSAS CITY with his 17th win. On Aug. 13 Andy Messersmith of CALIFORNIA was 11-12. Last week he beat the White Sox to make his record 19-13.

OAK 68-60 KC 65-74 CHI 77-62
CAL 74-65 MINN 73-94 MIL 68 66

AMERICAN LEAGUE EAST

While the Orioles won the Eastern title, WASHINGTON won the war—to get out of town. Unaccustomed to winning anything, the Senators suddenly were hearing turnstiles clicking in Dallas-Fort Worth, where they will play their brand of ball in 1972. Immovable BALTIMORE finished first for the third straight year as Mike Cuellar, Pat Dobson, Dave McNally and Jim Palmer all won 20th games. For McNally it was the fourth such season in a row, making him the first American Leaguer to do that well since the Yankees' Red Ruffing, who won 20 or more from 1936 through 1939. DETROIT Manager Billy Martin was miffed by his Oriole counterpart Earl Weaver. Weaver insisted his team was cool and oh, so relaxed. "So relaxed," said Martin, "that with an 8–1 lead in the ninth he's got his two best relievers throwing. If we could just get them in September and be only one game behind them, we'd show Weaver something. We'd walk right by him—and then you'd see the real Earl Weaver." The Tigers twice walked right by NEW YORK despite trailing 5–0 both times. Yankee pitchers were pummeled for 41 runs in five straight losses. Bobby Murcer made a final surge for the batting title, going 4 for 9 and closing to within five points of Tony Oliva of the Twins. BOSTON kept kidding around and the kids looked good. Rookie Pitchers Mike Garman, Rogelio Moret and John Curtis each won once, and Juan Beniquez, Cecil Cooper, Carlton Fisk and Rick Miller all hit well. The CLEVELAND Indians faded away like old soldiers, losing seven and putting a lock on the cellar.

BALT 68-57 DET 60-66 BOST 65-74
NY 60-78 WASH 62-94 CLEV 56-101

NATIONAL LEAGUE WEST

The shortest distance between SAN FRANCISCO and a playoff berth was definitely not the route the Giants chose. Their week began with a 3–1 loss to the Astros, but then 3–1 and 2–1 wins behind Juan Marichal and Gaylord Perry matched the team's longest winning streak of the month. The second victory, coming when Willie McCovey was hit by a pitch to force in the winning run, buttressed the Giant lead to a seemingly secure three games over the Dodgers with just six left for each team. Next, though, came two 6–5 losses to the Reds, one when Jerry Johnson balked in a run and later hung a slider that Johnny Bench slid out of the park, the other when the Reds hit four homers. LOS ANGELES did not exactly fly straight toward the top either. The Dodgers lost 9–3 and 4–1 to the Reds before Al Downing and Duke Sims went to work against the Braves. Downing won 2–0 for his 20th victory. Then Sims hit a three-run homer and snuffed out a Brave rally in the ninth by turning a dropped bunt into a double play, and the Dodgers won 5–4. After Sunday, when both teams won, Los Angeles was only one game behind the Giants. Budget-conscious President Nixon did not telephone Hank Aaron of ATLANTA to congratulate him on supplanting Ty Cobb as the third best RBI man of all time, he wrote him a letter. It was a good move, but it came much too late as CINCINNATI won 16 of its last 20 games against the league's top teams—Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Chicago, San Francisco and Los Angeles. SAN DIEGO and HOUSTON were ending the season in a fog, and at 2:28 a.m. at that. Ollie Brown's ninth-inning hit won the second game of a doubleheader against the Astros, who had taken the opener in the 21st inning when Gary Ross, in a mist, balked.

SF 68-71 LA 67-72 ATL 60-80
CIN 78-61 HOUS 78-61 SD 60-88

NATIONAL LEAGUE EAST

Four days and 600 miles after laying in a stock of champagne, PITTSBURGH finally popped the corks and celebrated its second straight divisional championship. En route, Dave Giusti earned his 29th save and Willie Stargell hit his 46th and 47th homers. Ron Santo of CHICAGO hit his 300th lifetime home run as rookie Burt Hooton shut out the Mets. For NEW YORK, Bob Aspromonte had two game-winning hits, one making a winner out of Nolan Ryan, who had lost nine of 10 previous games. Joe Hague of ST. LOUIS blitzed MONTREAL, beating the Expos one day with a grand slam, the next with a two-run triple. Rusty Staub, of the Expos, a .400 hitter since mid-August, raised his average to .313. Willie Montanez tied Richie Allen's PHILADELPHIA record for homers by a rookie with his 29th. It took four months and two days, but Barry Lersch finally got his fifth win, ending an 11-game losing streak. Rick Wise needed less time to complete his pitching feat, but still a lot. During a 12-inning game against the Cubs, he retired 32 men in succession before Santo broke the string. Wise got a big hit, too; it gave him the win 4–3.

PITT 96-64 ST. L 68-71 CHI 62-77
NY 62-77 MONT 59-89 PHIL 65-94



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CH6

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Sept. 21-27

BASEBALL ROCHESTER of the International Series, Baltimore Chop Tarm team won the Junior World Series four games to three over Denver. Washington led the American Association pennant race the Braves 9½ from the first day of the season as Red Wing Outfielder Rich Coggins collected four hits and scored two runs. Rochester, the II pennant winners, had won the Governor's Cup Playoffs while Denver, the AA Western Division champions, had been Indianapolis Executives, the Eastern Division champions in the AAA Pacific Coast League, Salt Lake City dominated its Southern Division pennant winners, defeated Evansville Triplets for the Southern Division Isaac Three games to one to win the PCL title.

BOATING MISS BUDWEISER, driven by Dean Chenoweth and owned by Bernie Little and Tom Threlkeld, clinched the national unlimited hydroplane title at Lake Dallas, Texas (page 74).

HEIDI TURNER of Atlanta, representing the U.S. Yacht Racing Union, sailed Zinzer from the Scandinavian Gold Cup's 5 meter series for the second year in a row. (Orient Bay, N.Y.)

BOXING CARLOS MONZON of Argentina retained his world middleweight title with a 14th-round TKO over Emile Griffith of New York in Buenos Aires. It was Monzon's second successful defense of the championship he won from Nino Benvenuti. Earlier, Griffith had attempted to regain the title for the third time.

GEORGE FOREMAN, the Sun Belt's ranked heavyweight, knocked out Leon Gilmore of New Orleans in the second round of their scheduled 10-rounder in Beaumont, Texas.

FOOTBALL National Conference T-parts fell off in the second week of play, although rookie third CHICAGO pilot Mike Phipps with 1 of 17 completions behind him to second-string Quarterback Kent Nix threw two touchdown passes to Dick Gordon. The last with only 1:42 left to play gave 20-7 Earlier in the week the Atlanta edged the Lions 16-13 on three Fred Cox field goals after trailing 13-10 in the second period. DETROIT then ruined the Monday night fun by decimating New England 34-7. Steve Owens scored two Lion touchdowns on 174-yard rushes, the entire Lion offensive team gained 386 yards while the tough Detroit D limited Eagle quarterback Jim Plunkett Undefeated DALLAS topped 40 points for the second week in a row, as flopping Wishbone Philadelphia 42-7 as Craig Morton passed two TD passes to and scored a touchdown. But it was the Cowboy defense that really shook up the Eagles, intercepting seven passes, recovering a fumble and allowing only 12 yards rushing. The lone Eagle touchdown was scored on a 101-yard fumble by Al Nelson after a missed field goal attempt. GREEN BAY parked all six of ex-Packer Don Horn's passes and romped over Denver 34-13, while Bill Kilmer's 71-yard pass to Charles Taylor led surprising WASHINGTON to its second victory 30-3 over the New York Giants. Four SAN FRANCISCO touchdowns were scored on runs, one of them a 58-yard return of a blocked field goal by Bruce Taylor, as the 49ers defeated New Orleans 38-20 before 81,595 in Candlestick Stadium. The largest crowd of the week, Don Abramowicz scored all three Saint touchdowns on a pass, two from Archie Manning, who missed most of the first half because of an eye injury. David Ray who had opened the scoring with a 45-yard field goal, kicked a 47-yarder with one second remaining to give Los Angeles a 20-20 tie with Atlanta.

American Conference: Two upsets spiced the AFC week as CLEVELAND edged Baltimore 14-13 on Penny Kelly's two touchdown plunges and PITTSBURGH beat Cincinnati 21-10, with Terry Bradshaw completing 15 passes for 240 yards and two touchdowns, and John Stallers returning a punt 67 yards for a TD. Other Sunday wins: five field goals by the longest 48 yards helped MIAMI to a 20-14 victory over Buffalo; KANSAS CITY clipped Houston 20-16 when Warren McVea scampered to a first-third touchdown. Late in the third period. The Chiefs had led 10-0 in the first period and 17-7 at halftime. Rookie Dan Pastorini moved the Oilers to a 17-13 fourth-period lead on his 12-yard touchdown pass to Charlie Joiner. George Blanda booted two field goals and Dick Enmons crossed one TD passes to Fred Biletnikoff as OAKLAND crushed San Diego 34-0.

GOLF LARRON HARRIS Jr., a nonmember, fin seven acres finished the third hole of a sudden-death playoff with Bert Yancey to win the $100,000 Robinson 111 Open after the two had tied at 274 at the end of 72 holes.

HARNESS RACING – Albatross failed in his bid to become prince with Triple Crown winner when he lost to NANSEMOND by three-quarters of a length in the fourth heat of the $102,964 Little Brown Jug in Delaware, Ohio (page 66).

SUPER BOWL ($61) driven by Vernon Dancer, defeated Stars Chip by a neck to win the $71,716 Westburne Trophy at New York's Roosevelt Raceway. Precocious Reflection Spring [illegible] early in the race and finished third.

HORSE RACING BLESSING ANGEL [illegible] ridden by Jasmin Vasquez, from the [illegible] Delaware Handicap by 2½ lengths over [illegible] Delaware Park.

NUMBERED ACCOUNT ($2.40) Bra[illegible] up won the $105,000 Marlboro Stakes by [illegible] over Stepping Bishop at New York's Belmont by [illegible] lengths in six seconds.

SPECIOUS ($80), who had won only one [illegible] 13 starts, the sport scored a three-length [illegible] over Yellow Zorker in the $57,900 Dorsett Rose Handicap at New York's Belmont Park.

MOTORCYCLING TOM ROCKWOOD of Gardena, Calif., won the 250 cc U.S. National Dirt Track championship [illegible] at Cedartown's Assault Park by [illegible] lead length over John Hateh.

MOTOR SPORTS BUTCH HARTMAN of South Zanesville, Ohio won the USAC stock-car short-track championship [illegible] Viking, the first race of the season, the $87,775 Primeritta 500 at Long Pond's Pocono International Raceway. Averaging 116.76 mph, a 1969 Dodge he furnished one second ahead of A. J. Foyt. Roger McCluskey, who needed to finish eighth or better to earn his third consecutive title, led a total of 17 laps remaining. At the finish, he was in third place.

POLO Charles Smith, 48th goal of the game after 9:11 seconds of a sudden-death overtime gave Hours to the HAK BROOK HILL team 8-7 win over Christ Greenhill in the finals of the National Open Tournament. Oak Brook had trailed 7-2 early in the third chukker.

MILEPOSTS TRANSFERRED: The WASHINGTON SENATORS to Dallas-Fort Worth for the 1972 season, Arlington Enterprise owners could [illegible] million. Owner Robert Short, who has been burdened by a $3 million deficit over the past three years, to move the team to Turnpike Stadium in Arlington, Texas. Baltimore and Chicago voted against the shift.

WITHDRAWN: The GREELEY syndicate, [illegible] American Sir Frank Packer, from the 1974 America's Cup competition.

DIED: CARROLL WIDDOES, 67, former Ohio State and Ohio University football coach, of a heart attack, in Lake Worth, Fla. Widdoes had a 16-2 record at Ohio State in 1944-45 and a 42-36-5 record at Ohio University in 1949-57.

CREDITS

[illegible]

FACES IN THE CROWD



PRISCILLA HILL, 9, of Lexington, Mass., has become the youngest skater ever to complete the series of tests required by the U.S. Figure Skating Association to compete in USFSA senior events. The previous youngest was former world champion Barbara Ann Scott.



BOB BURTON, of Everett, Wash., shot a par 72 to win the National Insurance Youth Golf Classic in Rochester, N.Y. by one stroke over Jay Collante. Burton, who had qualified third-alternate four bogeys with four birdies in the rain-shortened one-round tournament.



MRS. SUE SMITH, a Norfolk, Va. hair stylist and mother of two, boated the largest dolphin ever taken in Virginia waters. Using a 60-pound-test line, Mrs. Smith landed the 62-pounder (which topped the previous record by 12 pounds, four ounces) in 45 minutes.



MIKE BOITANO, 9, of San Francisco, beat a field of 1,200 to win the 6.8-mile Dipsea race from Mill Valley to Stinson Beach in 58:53 (with a 15-minute handicap). He had a 1:55 margin over defending champion Norman Bright, 62, once the race record holder.

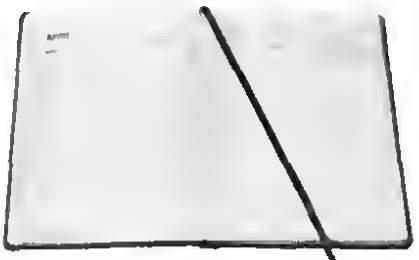


RICK STAUFFER threw a three-hitter as Boyertown (Pa.) beat Danville 4-1 to win its second state American Legion baseball championship in three years. Stauffer's three-year record is 33-6. This season he was 11-2, with 169 strikeouts and an ERA of 0.52.



MRS. BETTY PRATT, of Winter Park, Fla., formerly a Wightman Cup captain and fifth-ranked woman in the world, beat Mrs. Nancy Neeld 6-3, 7-5 at Rhode Island's Point Judith Country Club to win her fourth national senior (over 39) women's tennis title.

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THE READERS TAKE OVER

TINY TIM

Sirs:

John Underwood has presented us with Ted Williams, Happy Chandler, Spiro Agnew and now Tim Rossovich (*Burning to Be a Success*, Sept. 20). Each story is a masterpiece. Without doubt, Underwood is the greatest sportswriter in America today. And that photo of the hirsute linebacker by Tony Triolo is a gem. It's Attila the Hun, Jesus Christ and Tim Rossovich all rolled into one. Thanks, SI, for a fine piece of journalism.

BOB GUNTER

Miami

Sirs:

Tim Rossovich is fantastic. He eats glass, lets birds fly out of his mouth, sets himself on fire, appears nude and/or covered with shaving cream. Then when someone regards him as a kook, Tim reasons that it is because he has long hair.

THOMAS C. DUDDY

Philadelphia

Sirs:

I, for one, want my two boys to get more out of sports than a third-degree burn or a fine for indecent exposure.

DAVE BENINGER

Tempe, Ariz.

Sirs:

I just hope Tim can burn some spirit into the Eagles. I also hope you continue to write stories about such individualists.

MARK SCANLAN

Bethlehem, Pa.

Sirs:

It's good to know that there is a lighter side to football. Rossovich is a fine shot in the arm for the pro game. There ought to be more like him. So, go get 'em, Tim, and have another quart of oil on me.

DONALD M. ZIPPAY

University Park, Pa.

OPENERS

Sirs:

Thanks for doing justice to the San Francisco 49ers (*Look Out for the 49ers*, Sept. 20). Aside from the portrayal of the extraordinary actions of John Brodie, it was refreshing to see the faces of those who help to keep Brodie on his feet.

LINDSEY FROSS

South San Francisco

Sirs:

Thanks. Your fine article on the 49ers was all the incentive the Atlanta Falcons needed to upset San Francisco 20–17 and force the NFL's Most Valuable Player into four interceptions.

LARRY DAMATO

San Francisco

Sirs:

Someone forgot that Phil Bengtson is the defensive coach of the San Diego Chargers this year (SCOUTING REPORTS, Sept. 20). Not only have the Chargers won their first regular-season game over a talented Kansas City team, they have not been outclassed during the exhibition season. Why not tell what Sid Gillman really has going here?

L. C. SEVERSON

San Diego

Sirs:

Laugh if you wish at the backless aluminum seats in the New England Patriots' new stadium. No one was sitting down during the opening win against Oakland, anyhow.

BERNIE DONAHUE

Everett, Mass.

Sirs:

Well, the pro football season has officially been opened. Tex Maule has picked the Cowboys as the team with the most talent in 1971 (*Bigger and Better than Ever*, Sept. 20).

ROBERT C. WALDRON

Baltimore

PRESEASON PROS AND CONS

Sirs:

Robert H. Boyle's article concerning attendance at pro football's preseason games (*Late Summer Madness*, Sept. 13) was very interesting and well written, but one point is misleading. He says, "Just a few years ago the Eagles and the Lions played before 19,000 in a Philadelphia exhibition. Last month the Eagles met the Bills, and the traffic jam was so horrendous that even the mayor couldn't get to the game on time."

The earlier game was originally scheduled to be played in Mexico City. Because of political strife in Mexico, however, it was switched to Franklin Field, and, with less than 48 hours' notice, a mad scramble ensued to have tickets printed in time. For the Eagles to muster 19,000 of us loyal fans was quite a feat.

GEORGE FAHY

Levittown, Pa.

Sirs:

I must take exception to the reference to Memphis as a "tank town" just because

continued

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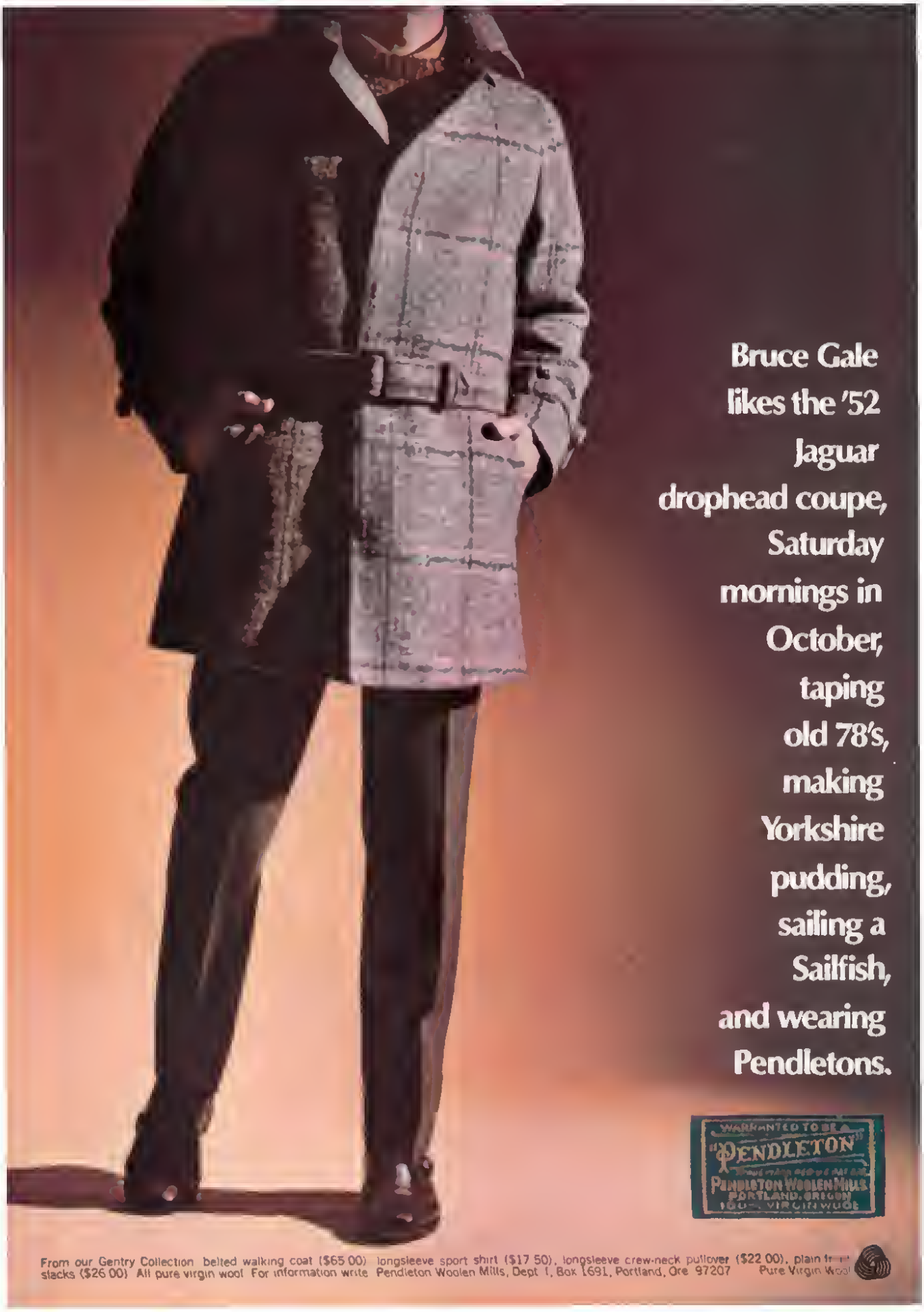
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only 22,474 attended the Falcon-Bronco preseason game. I have lived in Memphis since 1965, and in all this time we have been offered, at most, two decent preseason games (one of which featured Joe Namath playing in only the first half). Both of these games produced a full stadium.

Until one looks beneath the surface, Memphis seems to be a city that cannot support a pro team. This is a fallacy, in that Memphis has turned out in spite of, not because of, the teams we have been offered. Memphis is sophisticated enough not to be sold down the Mississippi River year after year for preseason games that have no merit whatsoever. The enthusiasm is certainly here, it's the games that are lacking.

SHEILA W. UHLHORN

Memphis

Sirs:

I resent the aspersion cast in your story on pro football exhibition games that my interest in protecting the public from the unethical practice of mandatory tie-in sales of preseason tickets with regular-season tickets was motivated by some personal dislike for the management of the Baltimore Colts.

My only interest in calling attention to this unsavory and despicable tactic is to fulfill the honest obligation every reporter has to himself, the newspaper he works for and the readership he represents. The Colts have attempted to change this intent to one of a personal feud when none exists—except apparently in their minds. In your story you claim I attacked the Colts' owners in "column after column," when, in fact, I have not attacked them but the policy pro football has tried to promulgate.

Attempts have been made to intimidate and stifle my interest in coming to the assistance of fans who do not want to face this unfair obligation imposed by most pro football teams. As a matter of record, I blew the loudest bugle of all in Baltimore when this city campaigned for the return of pro football in 1952. I offer no apology for the stand I have elected to take.

JOHN STEADMAN
Sports Editor
Baltimore News American

Baltimore

MICKEY OR VIDA?

Sirs:

Thank you for finally paying due tribute to Mickey Lolich, in my opinion the best pitcher in baseball (*A Fat Record Made to Thin Applause*, Sept. 13). While Lolich has improved with age, Vida Blue has possibly reached his peak at age 22. What will happen in five years when Blue can no longer blow the ball by the hitters? In the end, the fat man will win.

PATTE KATSON

Alexandria, Va.

continued

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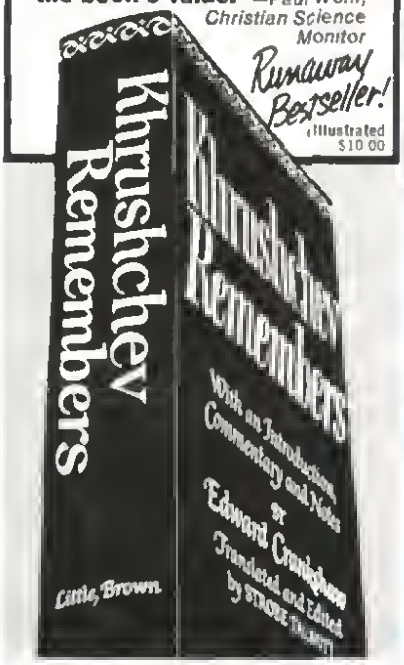
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NONCONSUMER REPORT

Sirs:

In Bil Gilbert's article about the Leeward Archipelago of Hawaii (*Then Came Man and a Mustard Seed*, Sept. 13), he states that the Leewards are of no practical, economic or esthetic value to either consumptive or nonconsumptive users of wildlife. It seems to me that he has failed to recognize two important kinds of nonconsumptive use of that wildlife. First, consider the millions of albatross and other seabirds that breed there. Birds such as these often range thousands of miles from their breeding islands. Should they come across ships, fishing boats or boats filled with bird watchers, and should they be observed and appreciated, then at that moment of appreciation the observer becomes a nonconsumptive user of Leeward Archipelago wildlife.

Secondly, interesting facts have been learned about the wildlife of the Leewards, and interesting things experienced there. Many of these have been recorded, and this record will grow in the future. When such a fact or experience is shared and appreciated, the recipient becomes a nonconsumptive user of Leeward Archipelago wildlife. Indeed, readers of Mr. Gilbert's article fall into just this category.

RALPH G. MANCKE

Midland, Mich.

BUMPY ROAD

Sirs:

I would like to congratulate you on your recent cover story on Jackie Stewart (*How to Last Eleven Laps—and Be Happy*, Sept. 6). It is about time that someone gave him credit for what he has done. Besides winning the world championship this year, he has already defeated the mighty Team McLaren twice in the 1971 Can-Am series.

MARK GRATKOPF

West Paterson, N.J.

Sirs:

We all know Mark Donohue is the best driver in the world.

BILL COOK

Princeton, N.J.

Sirs:

Mario Andretti is the greatest because the drivers themselves say so. The average man on the street never even heard of Jackie Stewart.

DON CASON

Los Angeles

Sirs:

If you are going to talk about the world's greatest driver, you ought to be talking about Richard Petty.

MICHAEL EVANS

Forest City, N.C.

continued



A lot of people are competing for the American dollar. Especially the American thief.

One of the American thief's prime targets is the American vacationer. With good reason.

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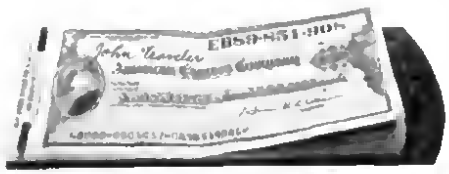
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Sirs:

The world's greatest driver in whatever category you choose is still and always will be A. J. Foyt.

HAL BREY

Battle Creek, Mich.

Sirs:

We agree that Stewart is the best driver in the world, but Hugh Whall did an injustice to Peter Revson by stating that the only reason Stewart won at Mid-Ohio was that Denis Hulme's car failed. Stewart won only because Revson's car also failed—after 72 of 80 laps. Revson had led the entire race and was 22 seconds ahead when he had to drop out. At this writing, Revson leads in the Can-Am point standings.

JIM MICKLOS
TIM MICKLOS

Kettering, Ohio

LADIES' DAY

Sirs:

I'm amazed that there hasn't been a single comment in 19TH HOLE about Dan Jenkins' article *Out There with Slow-Play Fay and Play-Slow Flo* (Aug. 9). It was the best golf story I ever read. But then, I suppose one must be a member of a small club such as our Lake Venice Golf Club to appreciate it. We have our men's and ladies' associations, the members of each erroneously thinking that management is favoring the other, leading to much bickering. We, too, have played host twice to the LPGA tour and have met Patty, Kathy, Mickey, Carol, Marlene, the Sandras *et al.* and marveled at their ability to outdrive and outplay our best. What a fine group of girls they are, and how quickly they deflate our golf ego. Would that we could have more stories as interesting as that one.

GEORGE F. GEADTS

Venice, Fla.

REFLECTIONS ON A POOL HALL

Sirs:

Pat Jordan's article *A Clutch of Odd Birds* (Aug. 30) brought back a lot of fond memories of the good times I used to have in the neighborhood pool hall. But by the time I got to the end of the article, Mr. Jordan had given me an insight as to why I had really been there.

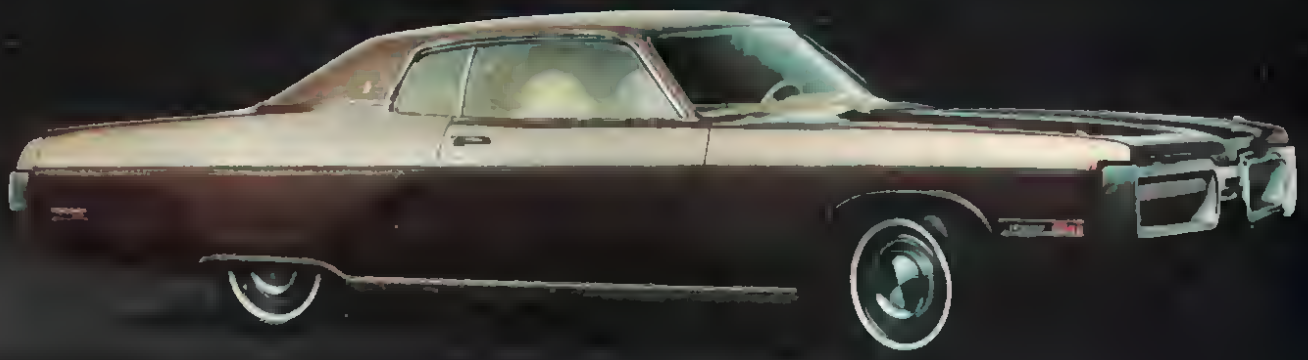
I suppose a brief withdrawal into the anonymous netherworld of a pool hall has helped more than one young man get a grip on his life and thereby enabled him to lead a more satisfactory existence later on. Mr. Jordan does a fine job.

WILLIAM C. GASSMAN

New Ellenton, S.C.

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